

The Supreme Sacrifice... **HEROES NEVER DIE** 10



FLYBOY

ANC

No. 2
OCT NOV

Cadets vs. Apes.
**MONKEY
BUSINESS**

Death In The Fog-Bound Sea..
FLYBOY'S FLAME-OUT



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FLYBOY

WHEN AIR FORCE CADETS LARRY "FLYBOY" JETT AND HAPPY HOLIDAY TAKE THEIR FIRST FLIGHT IN A T-33 LOCKHEED TRAINER EVERYTHING IS LOVELY UNTIL THAT OL' DEVIL, BAD LUCK, HANDS THEM...

"Flyboy's Flame-Out"



LARRY JETT-FLYBOY

THE CAMPUS OF AN AIR FORCE FLYING CADET SCHOOL...

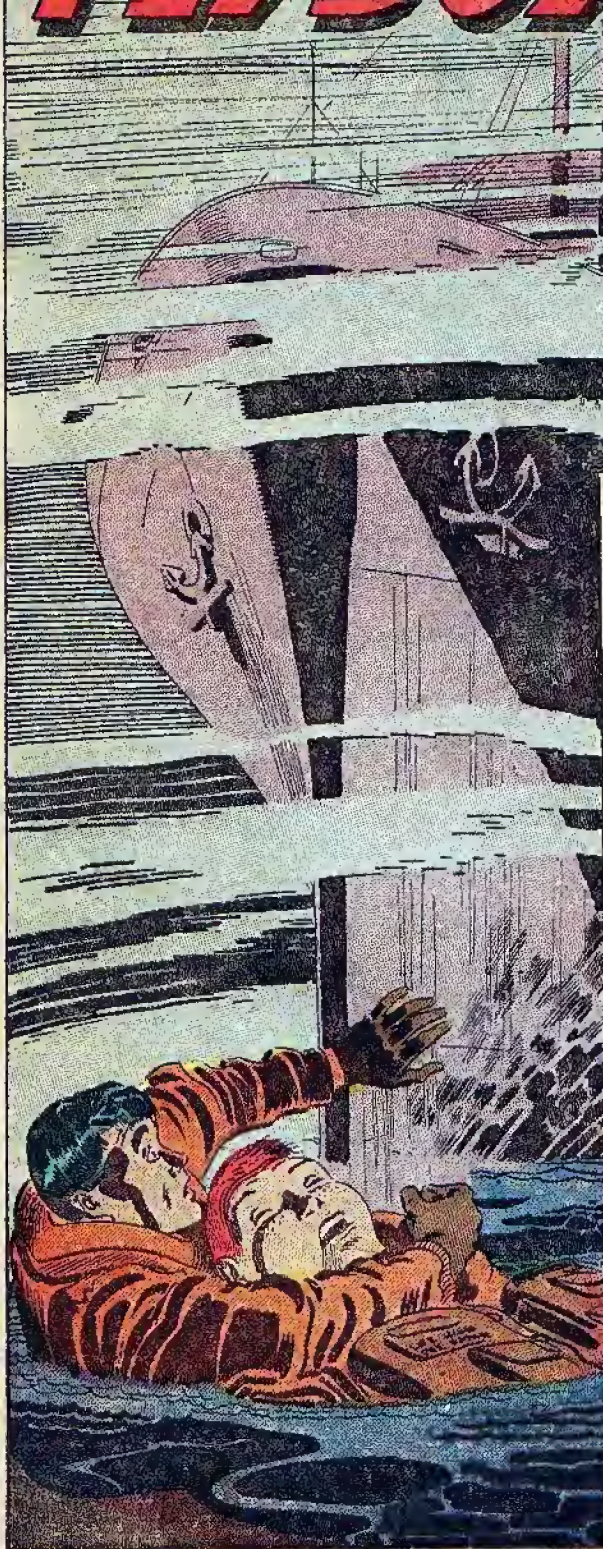
WHAT'S THE MATTER, LARRY? WHY ARE YOU AND HAP SO JITTERY?

YOU'D BE SHAKY, TOO, IF YOU WERE MAKING YOUR FIRST FLIGHT IN A T-33, LOCKHEED, ANNE!



THE T-33 LOCKHEED TRAINER? THAT'S A JET, ISN'T IT?

YEAH, AND IT'S PLENTY TRICKY-- ESPECIALLY IF YOU'RE NOT USED TO HANDLING THEM!



THE NEXT DAY...

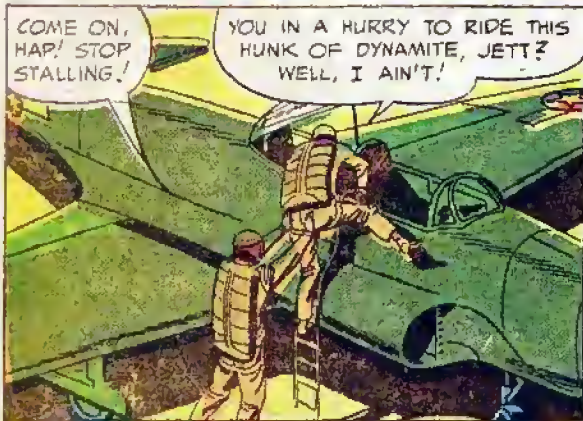


NO MORE QUESTIONS?
ALL RIGHT, THEN--
LET'S GO!

LET'S GO, HE SAYS! HE'S
STAYING HERE ON THE NICE
SOLID GROUND!

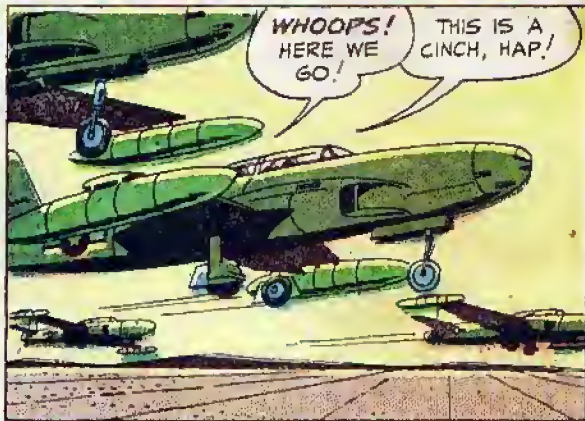
COME ON,
HAP! STOP
STALLING!

YOU IN A HURRY TO RIDE THIS
HUNK OF DYNAMITE, JETT?
WELL, I AIN'T!



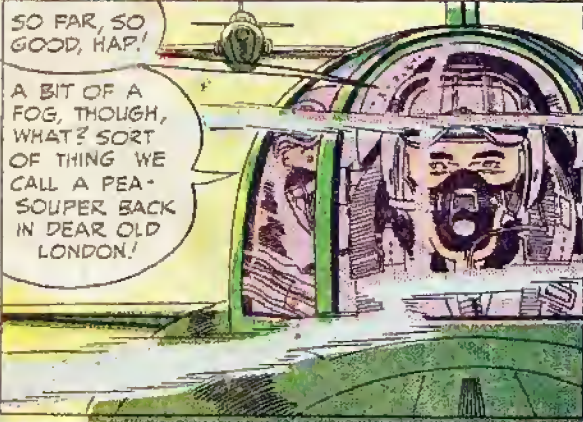
WHOOOPS!
HERE WE
GO!

THIS IS A
CINCH, HAP!

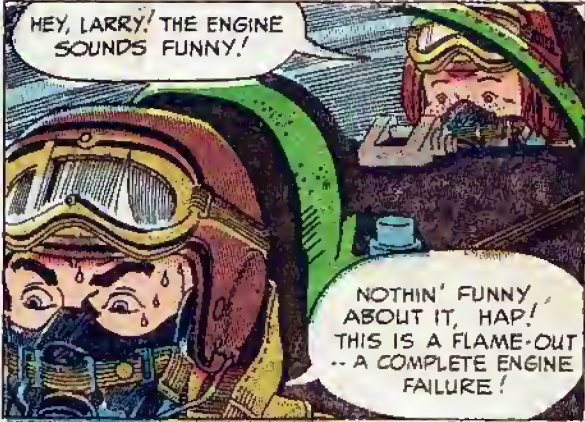


SO FAR, SO
GOOD, HAP!

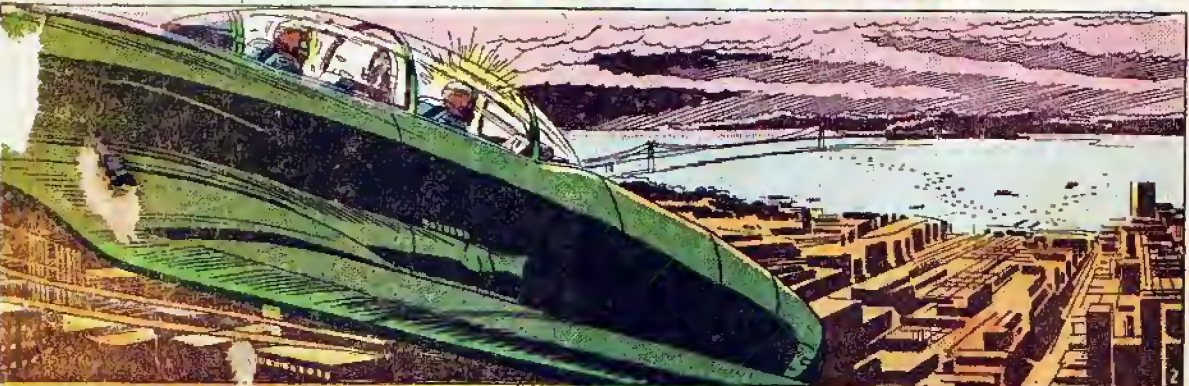
A BIT OF A
FOG, THOUGH,
WHAT? SORT
OF THING WE
CALL A PEA-
SOUPER BACK
IN DEAR OLD
LONDON!



HEY, LARRY! THE ENGINE
SOUNDS FUNNY!



NOTHIN' FUNNY
ABOUT IT, HAP!
THIS IS A FLAME-OUT
-- A COMPLETE ENGINE
FAILURE!





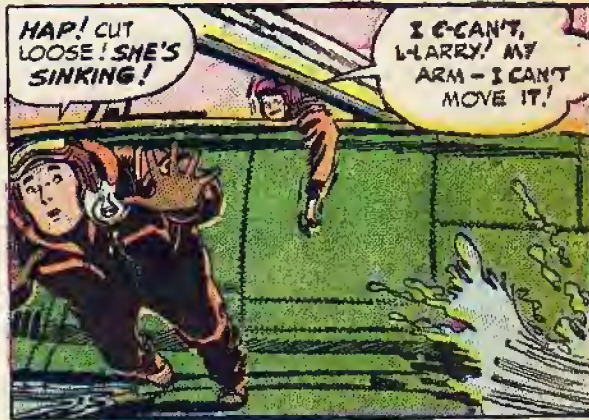
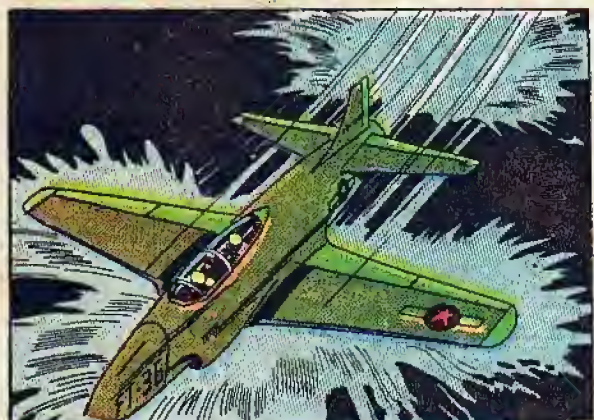
WE CAN'T PARACHUTE,
HAP! WE'RE TOO
LOW!

I CAN'T
LOOK!



IS SHE OUT OF
CONTROL, LARRY?

I DUNNO! I'LL
TRY TO PUT HER
DOWN IN THE
BAY!



HAP! CUT
LOOSE! SHE'S
SINKING!

I CAN'T,
LARRY! MY
ARM - I CAN'T
MOVE IT!



WE'LL BE OKAY, HAP! THEY'LL HAVE
RESCUE PLANES HERE PRETTY SOON!

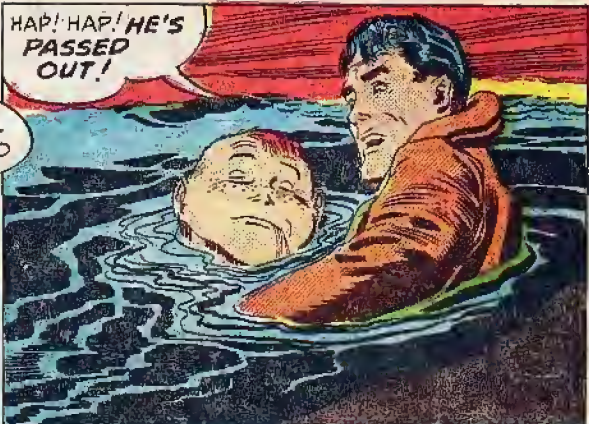
I - I FEEL
KINDA
WEAK...



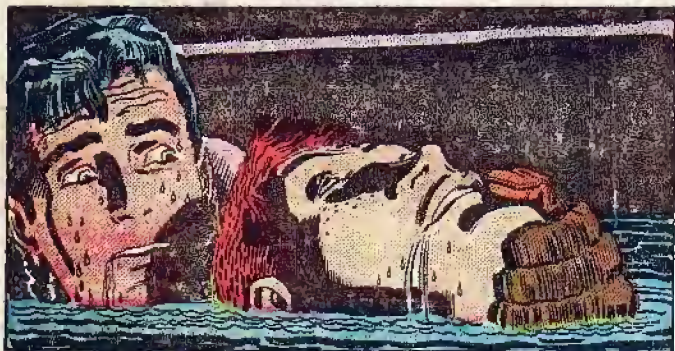
THAT'S THE END OF
HER, HAP!

RECKON WE'RE
NEXT, LARRY...

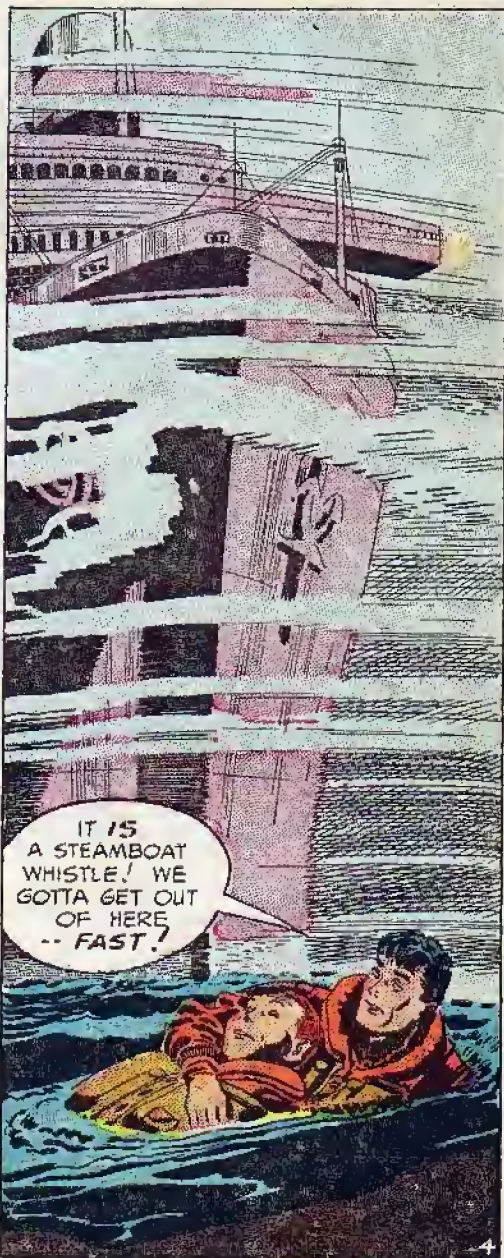
MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE AIR BASE...



SEVERAL AGONIZING HOURS LATER DARKNESS CLOSES IN OVER THE ICY BAY...

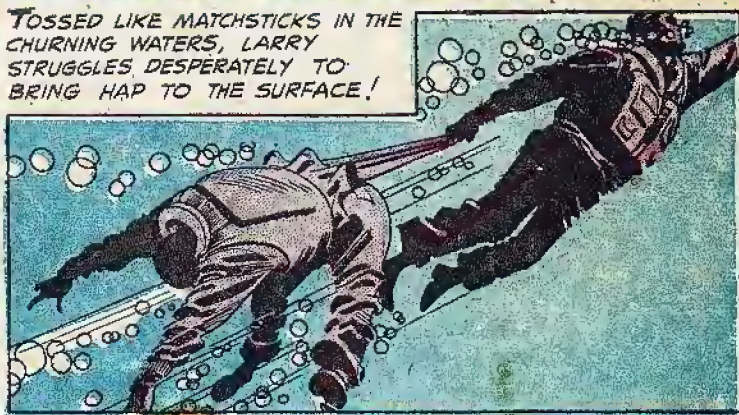


AND AS IF TO CONCEAL THEM MORE COMPLETELY, THE FOG COMES DOWN IN A THICK BLANKET...



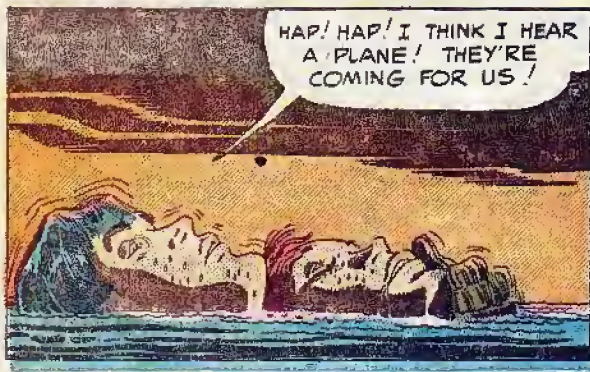


TOSSED LIKE MATCHSTICKS IN THE CHURNING WATERS, LARRY STRUGGLES DESPERATELY TO BRING HAP TO THE SURFACE!

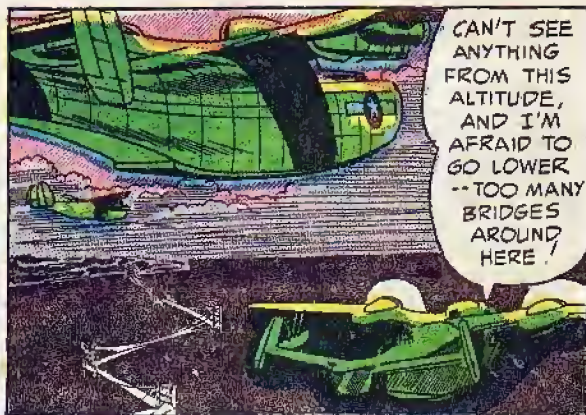


THE NIGHT STRETCHES OUT ETERNALLY. WHEN MORNING COMES, THE FOG BEGINS TO LIFT...

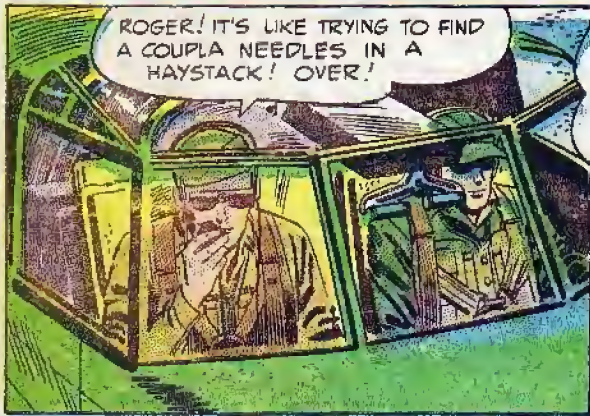
HAP! HAP! I THINK I HEAR A PLANE! THEY'RE COMING FOR US!



CAN'T SEE ANYTHING FROM THIS ALTITUDE, AND I'M AFRAID TO GO LOWER -- TOO MANY BRIDGES AROUND HERE!

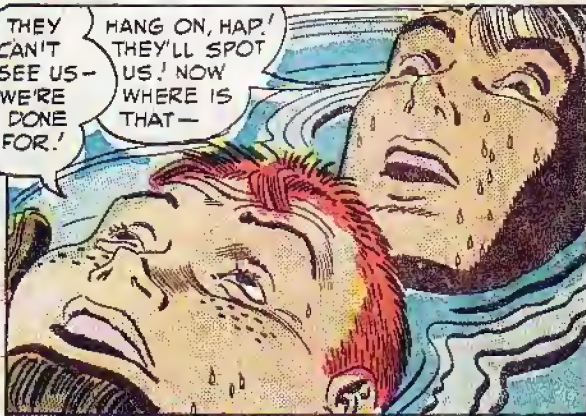


ROGER! IT'S LIKE TRYING TO FIND A COUPLA NEEDLES IN A HAYSTACK! OVER!

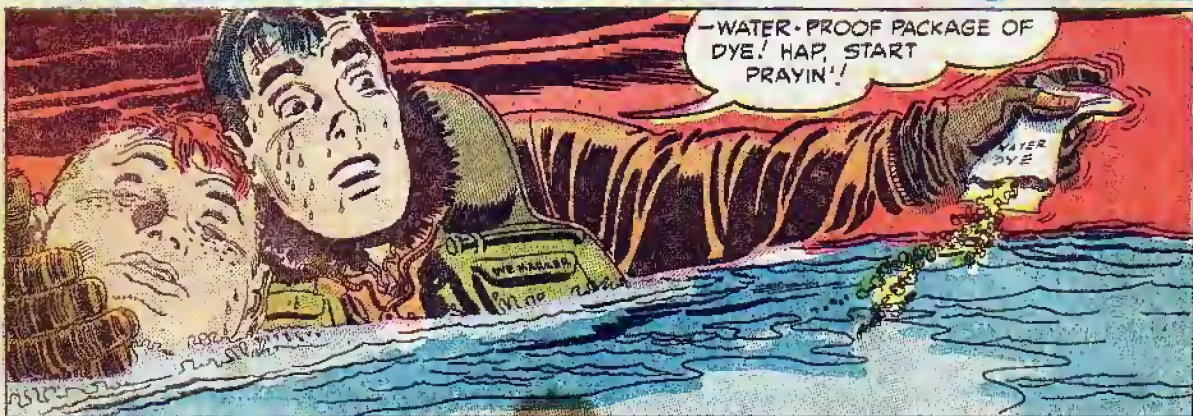


THEY CAN'T SEE US-- WE'RE DONE FOR!

HANG ON, HAP! THEY'LL SPOT US! NOW WHERE IS THAT--



--WATER-PROOF PACKAGE OF DYE! HAP, START PRAYIN'!

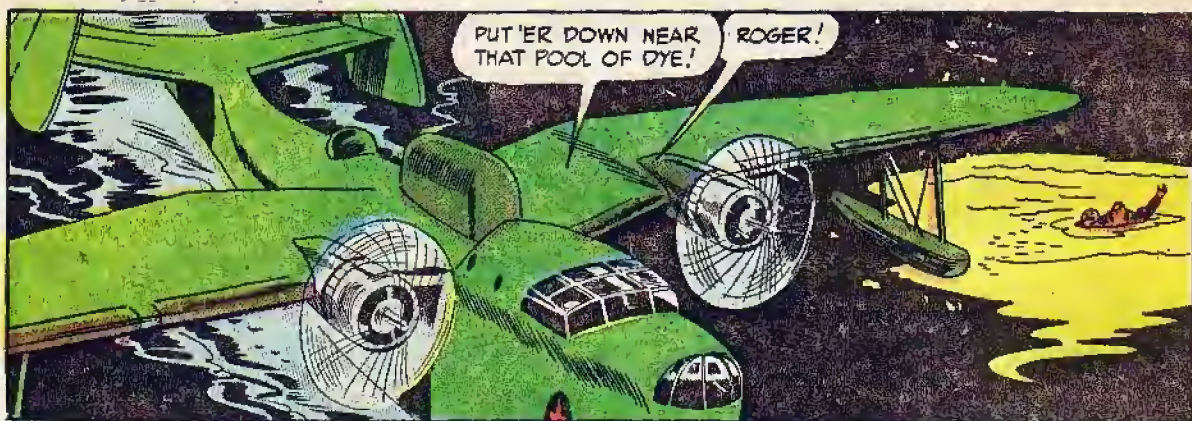


NO LUCK, JOE! LET'S GIVE IT UP AND HEAD HOME!



OKAY -- WAIT! LOOK DOWN THERE!





PUT 'ER DOWN NEAR
THAT POOL OF DYE!

ROGER!



CAREFUL!
WATCH
THAT
ARM!
OKAY,
FELLA! WE'LL
GET YOU BACK
TO THE BASE
IN A JIFFY...

WILL
HE LIVE,
SIR?

LIVE? HUH! SON, THERE ARE THREE THINGS
THAT ARE INDESTRUCTIBLE: A NAVY GOAT,
AN ARMY MULE AND AN AIR FORCE
KAY-DET!

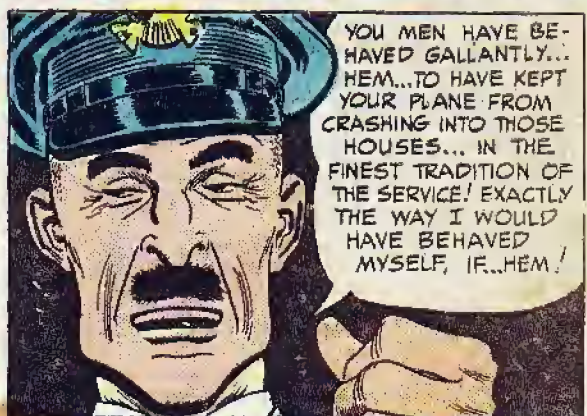
THE COLONEL...WE'RE
IN FOR IT NOW...WE
CRACKED UP ONE OF
HIS FANCY SHIPS...
HE'LL ...



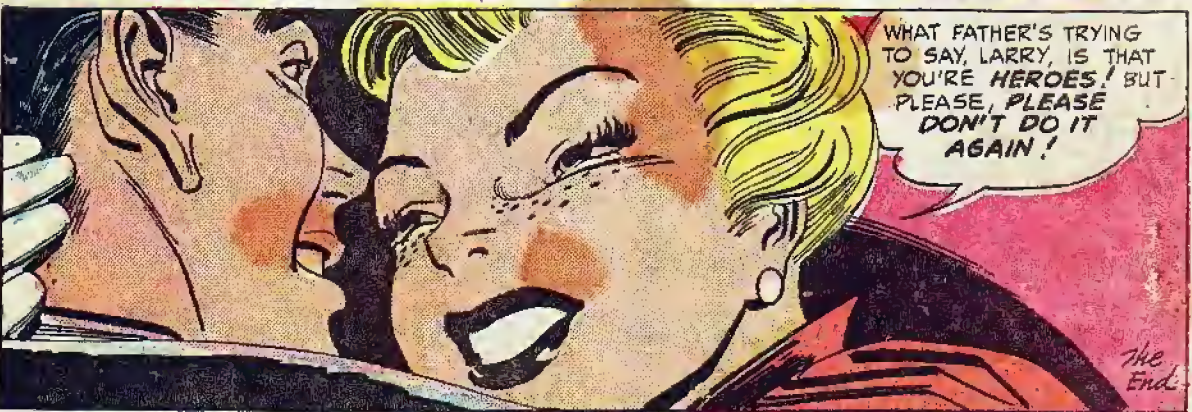
THE COLONEL WILL DO NOTHING
OF THE SORT! HEM. AT EASE,
PLEASE, CAPTAIN!

OH, LARRY!

OH,
HAPPY!



YOU MEN HAVE BE-
HAVED GALLANTLY...
HEM...TO HAVE KEPT
YOUR PLANE FROM
CRASHING INTO THOSE
HOUSES... IN THE
FINEST TRADITION OF
THE SERVICE! EXACTLY
THE WAY I WOULD
HAVE BEHAVED
MYSELF, IF...HEM!



WHAT FATHER'S TRYING
TO SAY, LARRY, IS THAT
YOU'RE **HEROES!** BUT
PLEASE, **PLEASE**
DON'T DO IT
AGAIN!

The
End

FLYBOY

in MONKEY BUSINESS

LIKE ALL MILITARY ORGANIZATIONS, THE UNITED STATES AIR FORCE MUST CONDUCT MANY STRANGE EXPERIMENTS. BUT NO STRANGER EXPERIMENT WAS EVER CONDUCTED THAN THAT WHICH PUT CADET LARRY "FLYBOY" JETT, AND HIS PAL, CADET "HAPPY" HOLIDAY, IN COMMAND OF 27 -- COUNT 'EM! -- OF THE WEIRDEST RECRUITS EVER TO BE PUT INTO UNCLE SAM'S FORCES!



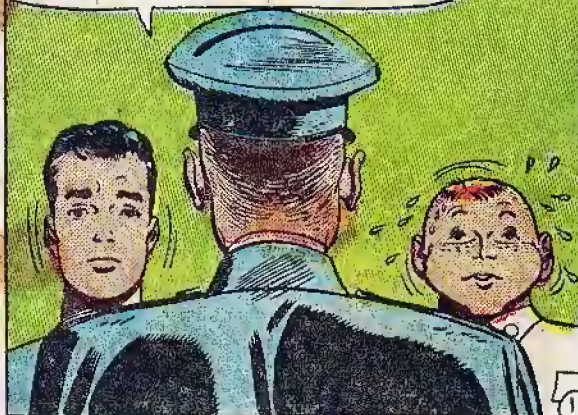
AT FLIGHT SCHOOL, THE COMMANDANT, COLONEL "CHICKEN" CHICKERING IS CONDUCTING SATURDAY MORNING INSPECTION WITH AN EAGLE EYE...

JETT!
HOLIDAY!

YES, SIR! Y-YES, S-SIR!



THIS ROOM IS A PIG-STY! BOTH OF YOU REPORT TO DR. HARRIS, AT PROJECT A! TELL HIM I SAID TO GIVE YOU AN ASSIGNMENT TO KEEP YOU BUSY OVER THE WEEK-END! **DIS-MISSED!**





IT'S PROBABLY SOMETHING VERY HUSH-HUSH AND IMPORTANT, LARRY! IN A WAY, IT'S AN HONOR FOR US TO BE DETAILED TO PROJECT A!

DID YOU SEE COLONEL CHICKERING'S EXPRESSION WHEN HE SENT US HERE? IT'S **NO HONOR, HAP!**



CAPIETS JETT AND HOLIDAY REPORTING TO DR. HARRIS AS ORDERED, SIR!

AT EASE, GENTLEMEN! I'M A CIVILIAN PSYCHOLOGIST! ALL I WANT YOU TO DO IS TAKE CARE OF MY LITTLE PETS HERE! I NEED A WEEK-END OFF! CAN DO?



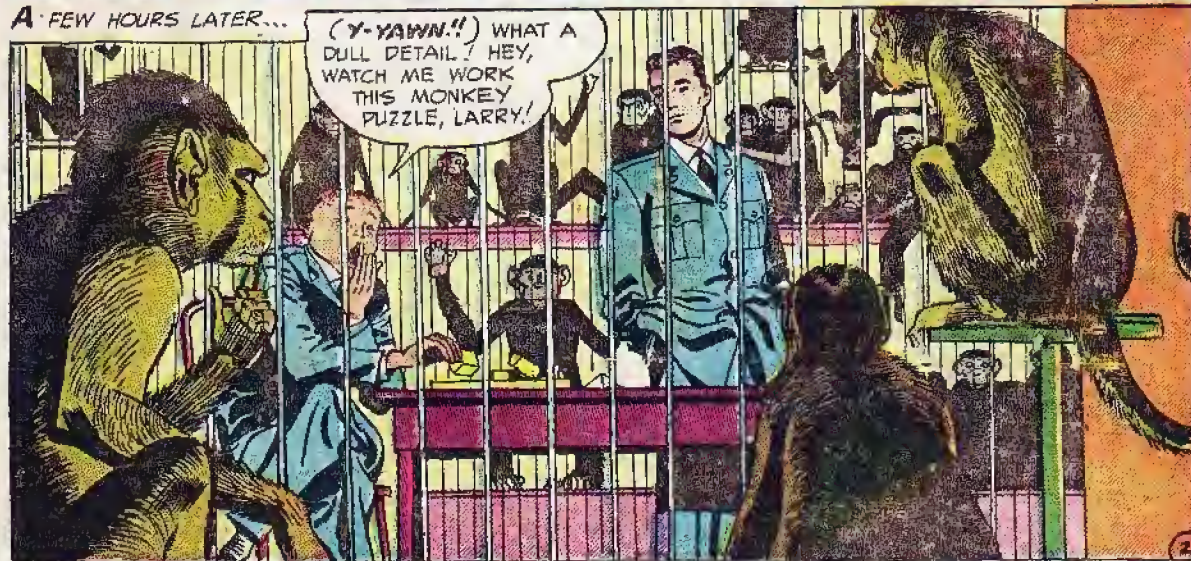
WHY, SURE, DR. HARRIS! BUT WHY ALL THESE APES-- MONKEYS-- WHATEVER THEY ARE?

THREE CHIMPANZEES AND 24 RHESUS MONKEYS, TO BE EXACT. WE GIVE THEM EXTENSIVE PHYSICAL AND MENTAL TESTS BEFORE AND AFTER SUBJECTING THEM TO RADIO-ACTIVITY! THESE EXPERIMENTS HELP TO DEVELOP BETTER PROTECTION FOR YOU AIR FORCE BOYS!

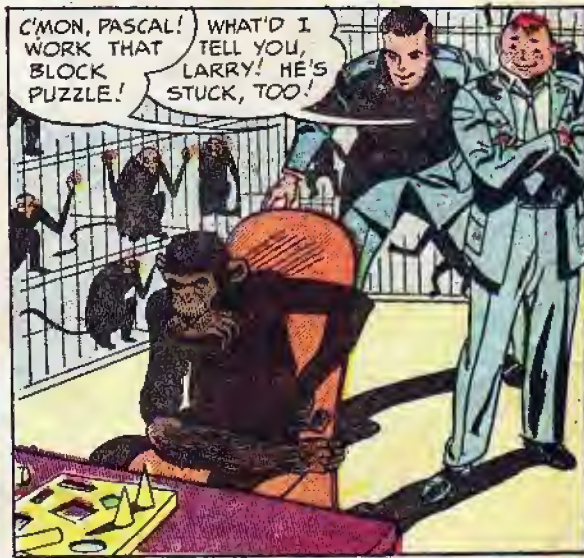


ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS FEED THEM, WATER THEM, AND GUARD THEM! YOU HAVE BUNKS TO SLEEP ON, AND PLENTY OF FOOD FOR YOURSELVES! SEE YOU SUNDAY NIGHT!

A FEW HOURS LATER...

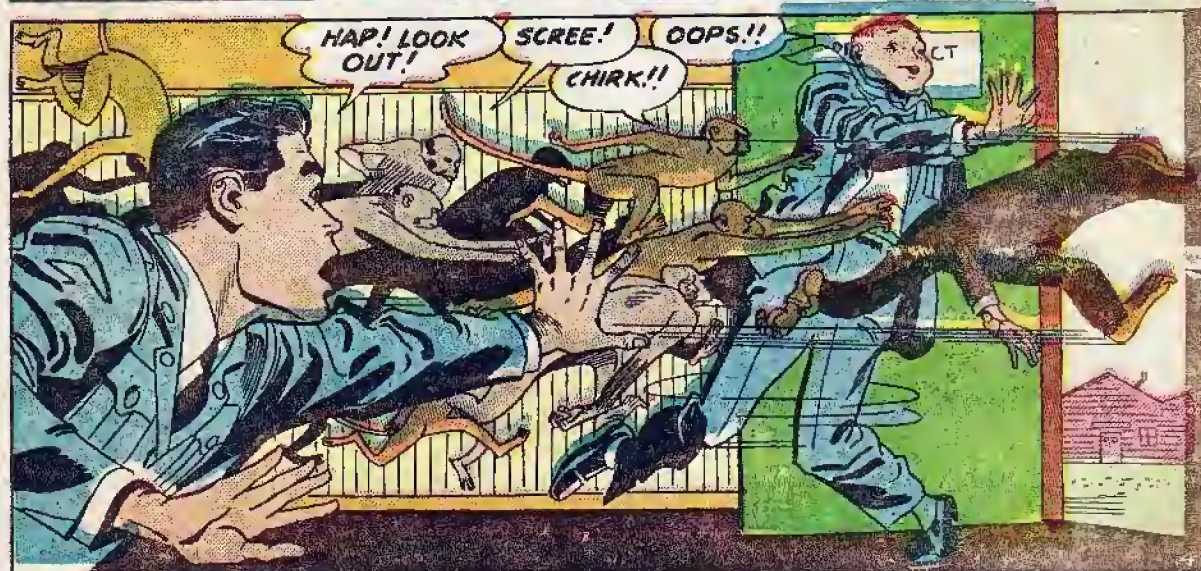


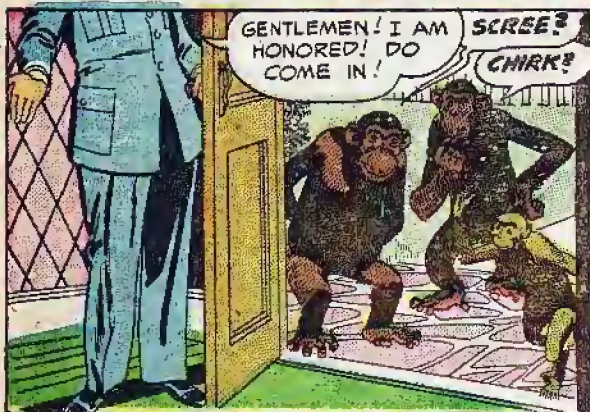
(Y-YAWN!!) WHAT A DULL DETAIL! HEY, WATCH ME WORK THIS MONKEY PUZZLE, LARRY!

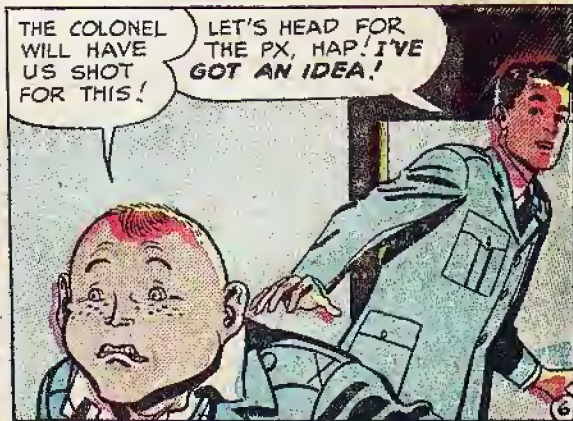
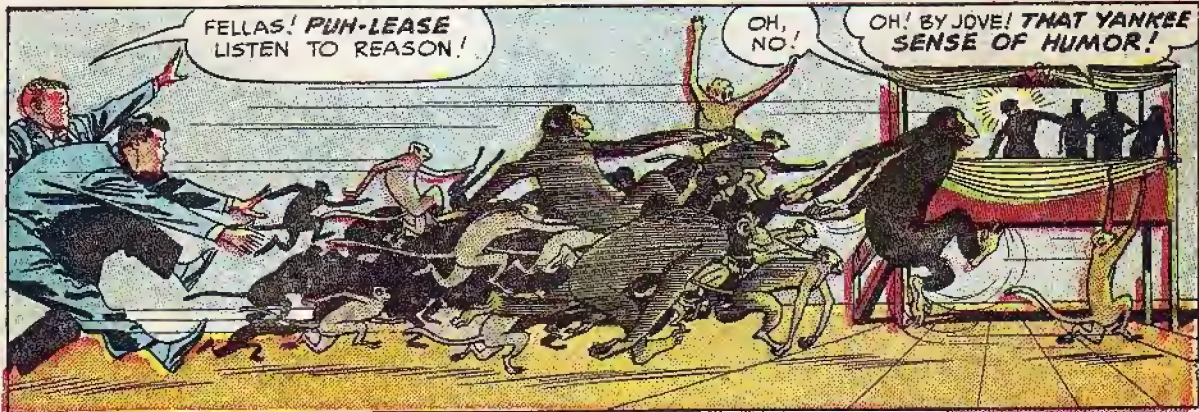
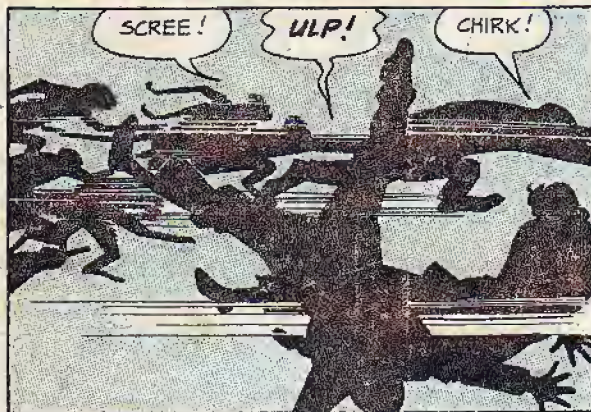
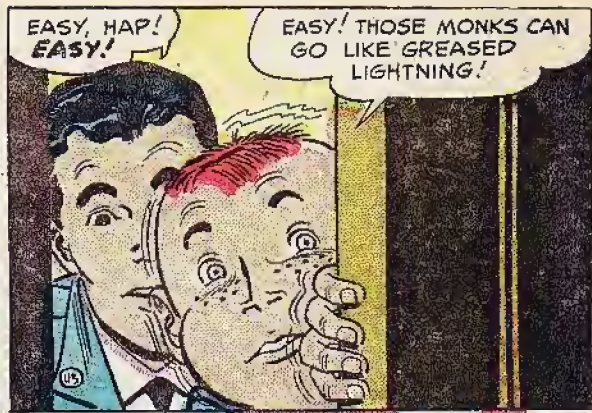
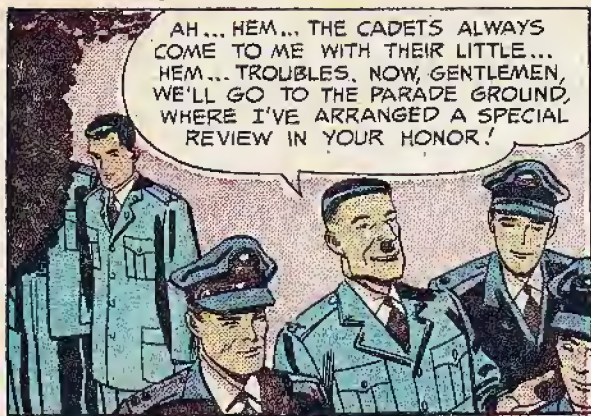


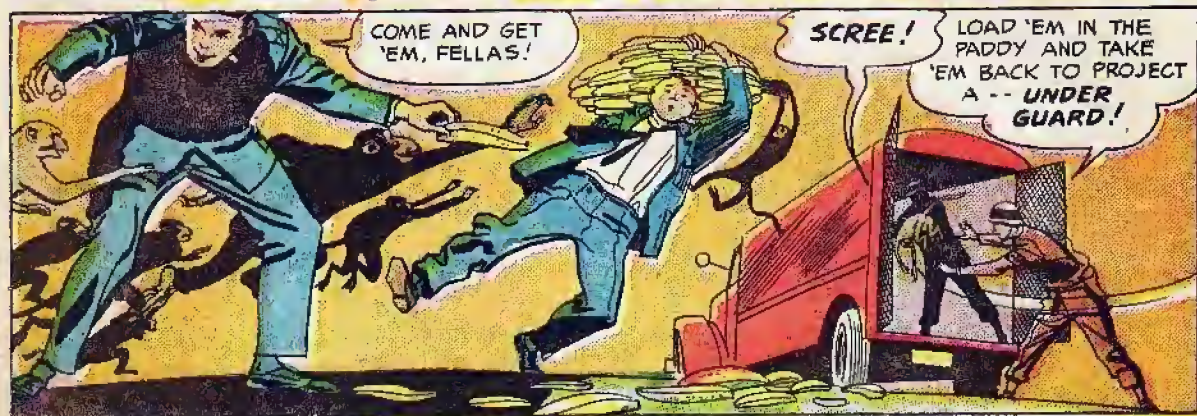


SEVERAL ANTHROPOIDS LATER...







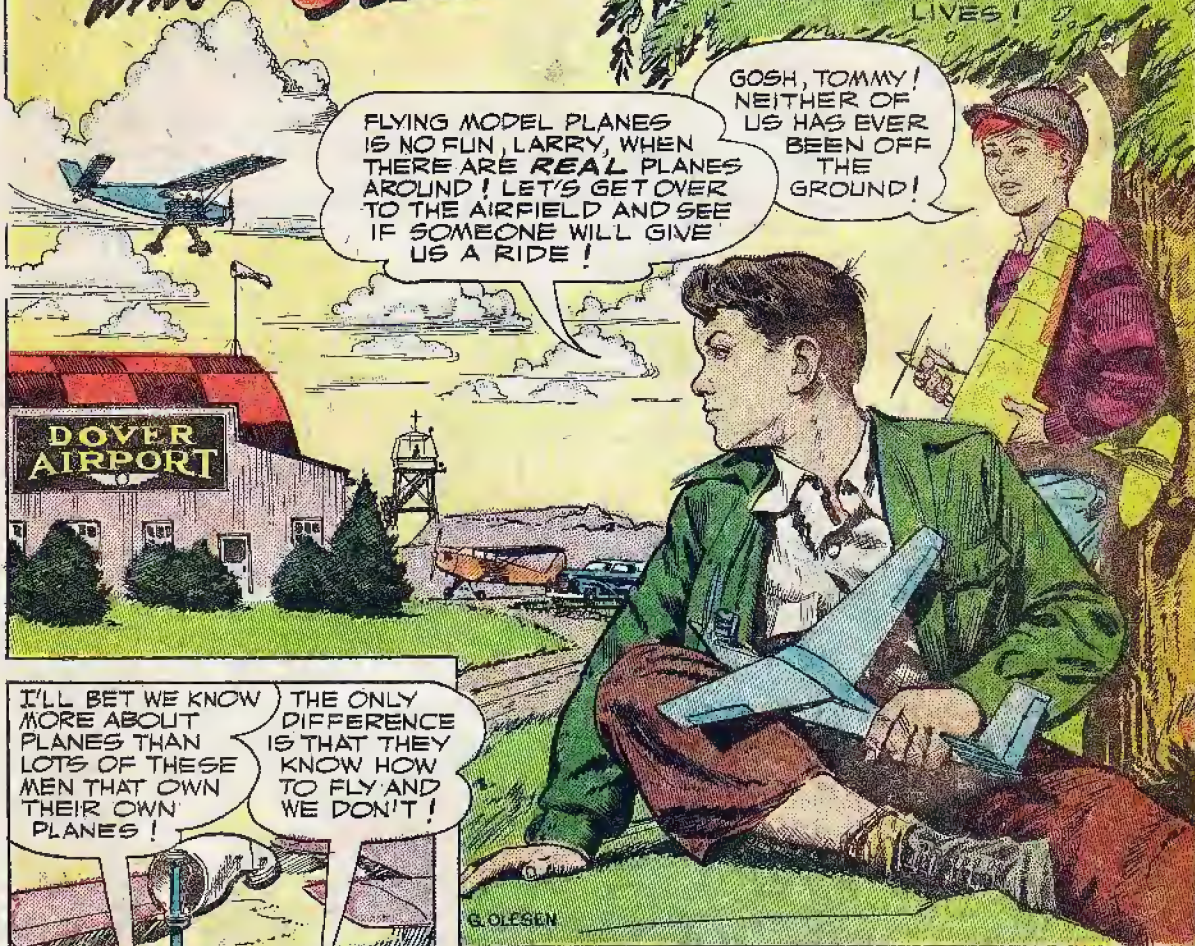


TWO KIDS and a CUB

TOMMY DOWD AND HIS PAL LARRY HILL, KNEW ALL ABOUT FLYING AND ALL ABOUT PLANES--IN THEORY, THAT IS. BUT THE ACID TEST FOR THESE TWO ADVENTUROUS TWELVE YEAR OLDS CAME WHEN THEY FOUND THEMSELVES ALOFT IN A PLANE FOR THE FIRST TIME IN THEIR LIVES!

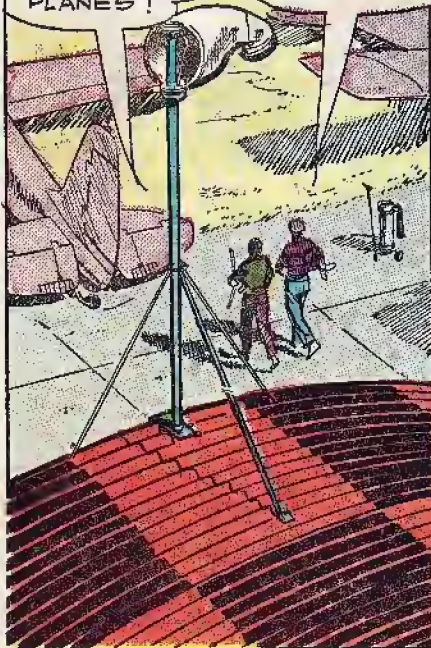
FLYING MODEL PLANES IS NO FUN, LARRY, WHEN THERE ARE **REAL** PLANES AROUND! LET'S GET OVER TO THE AIRFIELD AND SEE IF SOMEONE WILL GIVE US A RIDE!

GOSH, TOMMY! NEITHER OF US HAS EVER BEEN OFF THE GROUND!



I'LL BET WE KNOW MORE ABOUT PLANES THAN LOTS OF THESE MEN THAT OWN THEIR OWN PLANES!

THE ONLY DIFFERENCE IS THAT THEY KNOW HOW TO FLY AND WE DON'T!



BUT WE **DO** KNOW--DON'T WE?



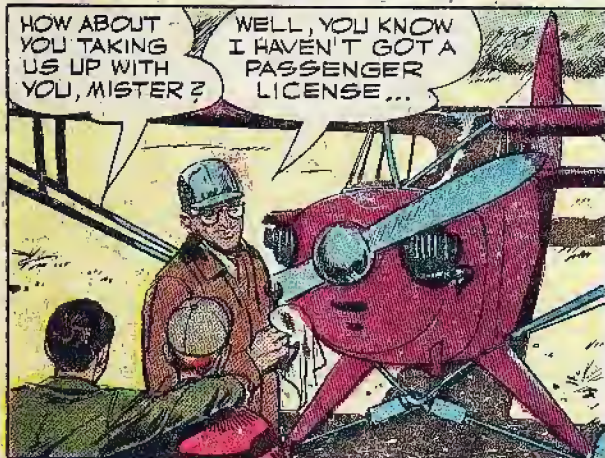


SAY THAT'S A NICE-LOOKING CUB YOU'VE GOT THERE, MISTER!

YEAH? YOU KIDS KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT PLANES?

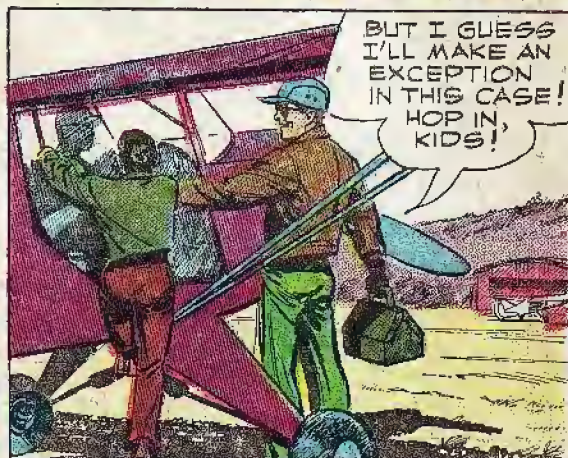
WE KNOW ALL THERE IS TO KNOW ABOUT FLYING!

EXCEPT THAT WE'VE NEVER BEEN UP IN A PLANE, OF COURSE!



HOW ABOUT YOU TAKING US UP WITH YOU, MISTER?

WELL, YOU KNOW I HAVEN'T GOT A PASSENGER LICENSE...

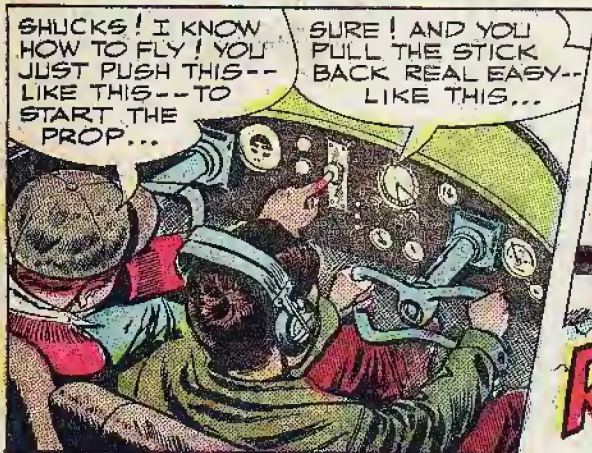


BUT I GUESS I'LL MAKE AN EXCEPTION IN THIS CASE! HOP IN, KIDS!



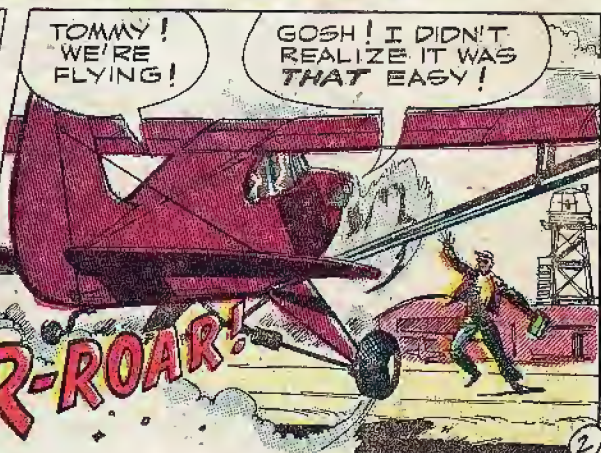
WAIT A MINUTE UNTIL I PUT THESE TOOLS IN THE HANGAR. THEN I'LL GIVE YOU YOUR FIRST TASTE OF LIFE IN THE CLOUDS!

CLICK



SHUCKS! I KNOW HOW TO FLY! YOU JUST PUSH THIS-- LIKE THIS-- TO START THE PROP...

SURE! AND YOU PULL THE STICK BACK REAL EASY-- LIKE THIS...



TOMMY! WE'RE FLYING!

GOSH! I DIDN'T REALIZE IT WAS THAT EASY!

R-ROAR!



GEE! HE LOOKS MAD!

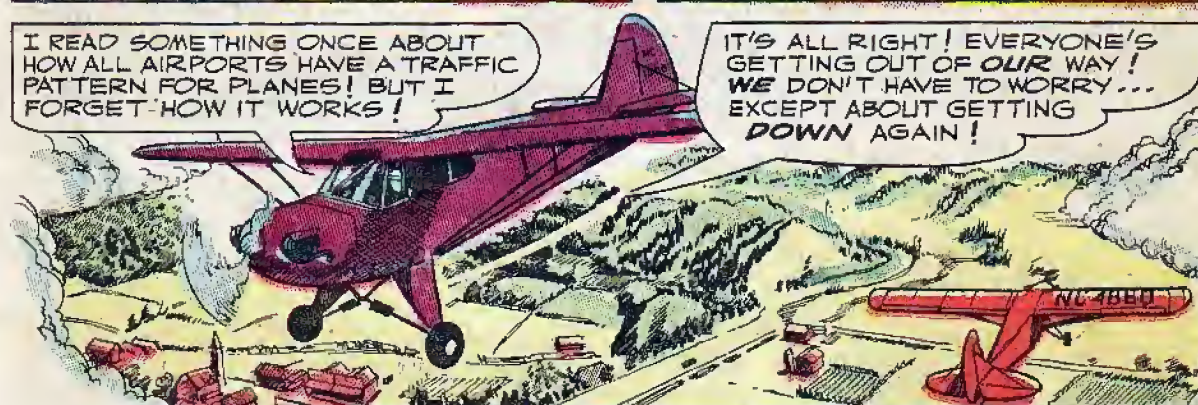
I DON'T BLAME HIM!

Z-ZOOM!



WELL, WE'VE GOT HER LEVELLED OFF, ALL RIGHT! BUT, GEE, I DIDN'T REALIZE THERE WERE SO MANY OTHER PLANES UP!

LET'S BE CAREFUL NOT TO HIT ANY OF THEM, HUH?



I READ SOMETHING ONCE ABOUT HOW ALL AIRPORTS HAVE A TRAFFIC PATTERN FOR PLANES! BUT I FORGET HOW IT WORKS!

IT'S ALL RIGHT! EVERYONE'S GETTING OUT OF OUR WAY! WE DON'T HAVE TO WORRY... EXCEPT ABOUT GETTING DOWN AGAIN!

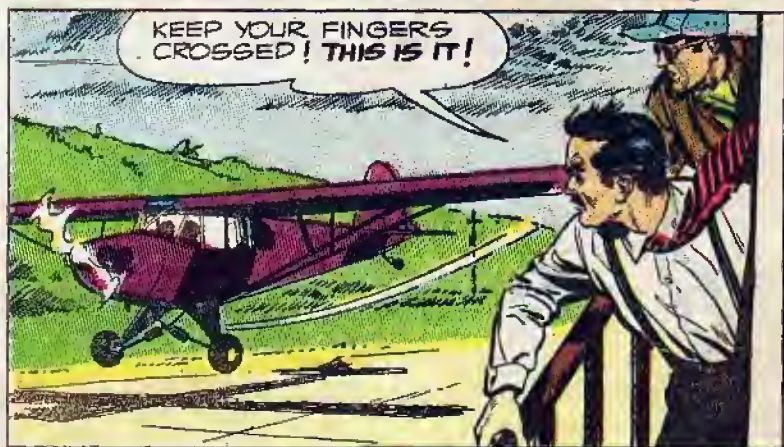


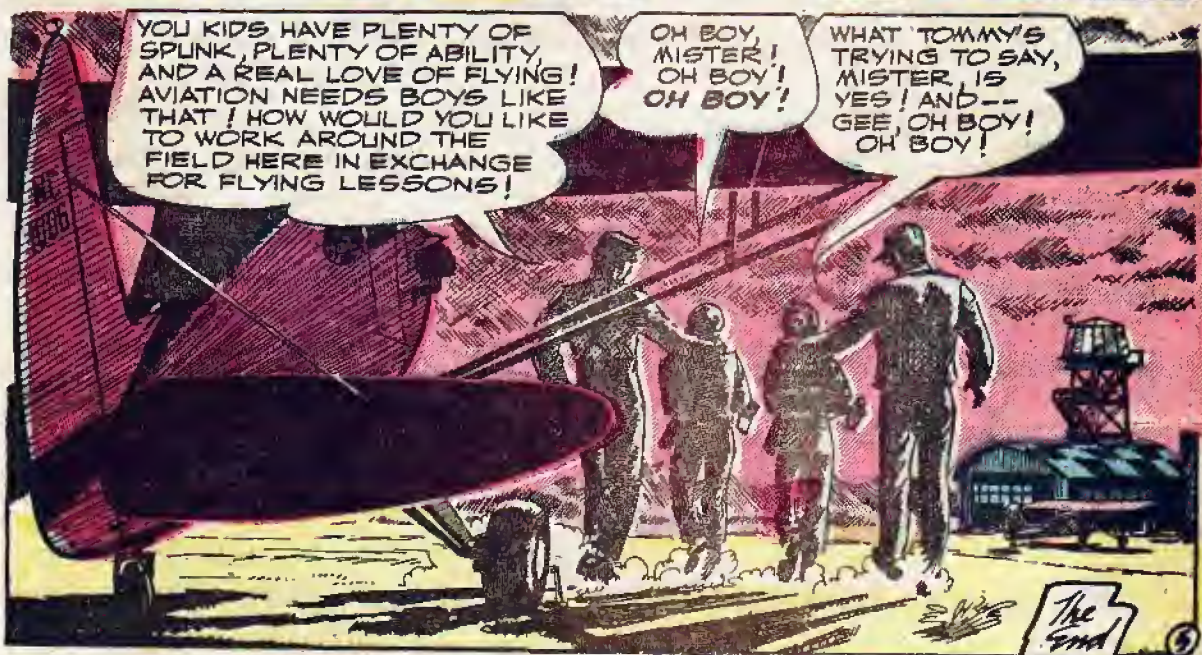
TWO KIDS ARE UP THERE IN MY PLANE! DO SOMETHING!

I AM DOING SOMETHING! DO YOU THINK I WANT THEM KILLED, ON MY FIELD?



LISTEN YOU KIDS! THIS IS THE CONTROL TOWER! I'M GOING TO TELL YOU HOW TO LAND! NOW, LISTEN CAREFULLY...





SCHOOLHOUSE IN THE SKY

BRUCE KYLE stepped down from the train, shading his eyes against the hot glare of the Texas sun. The sleepy little town of San Angelo seemed to be collapsed by the August heat. The only life he could see were the pigeons circling around the old Spanish church tower. For one instant he had the odd feeling that the Air Force had made some vast mistake—that he had been sent to the wrong place. How could an air base fit into this semi-tropical scene? Then a flash of light on the horizon snapped him back to reality. That must be the field over there! He could see the sun glint from the wings of a T-6 making an upwind approach for a landing.

It was a quick trip on the bus. He checked in with the OD at the gate and was shown the way to the barracks. As he walked down the company street he thought of the longer road that had brought him here to Goodfellow Air Force Base, the road he had first set his foot on when he was still in high school.

"I'm glad you decided to go to college, Bruce! Made up your mind yet what you'd like to major in?"

"Engineering, Dad. I think that would be the most useful."

His father had been a little surprised at that.

"Most useful? How's that? Don't you intend to continue in engineering?"

"No, I need the college credit to qualify for Air Force cadet training, I'll be eligible to apply after two years. I'm single, my eyesight is perfect, I'm in good shape and . . . and, well I guess I just want to fly."

Dad had been trying to look serious, but now his face broke into a wide grin.

"Well, good luck son, I think if anyone can do it, you can."

That had been the first step. He had physical examinations, mental examinations, flying aptitude tests—and form after form to fill out. He heard nothing more until he was called for a personal interview at the end of his second year in State College. He had been worried after this session with the Air Force officers, but they must have had more confidence than he did—he had been accepted!

Bruce was finished with his one month of indoctrination. There would be more drill here at basic pilot training, also more lectures and more study, but he didn't mind that—he would be flying! For the first time he would be satisfying the ambition that had taken him from his home in Maine to this hot Texas airfield.

A week later he began to realize how easy things had been in indoctrination. To think that he had been griping because he had to work so hard! Now he was beginning to find out what a really full program was like. He had lectures and classwork in aircraft engineering, weather, navigation, radio and flight theory. This would teach him to be a flyer, but, equally important, he was training to be a flying officer.

Because of this there was more time devoted each day to military training than there was to academic work: leadership instruction, drill, inspections and physical training. Bruce resented none of this. He did his job quickly and he did it well. But he anticipated those five golden hours every week that were the most important to him—flying.

"All right Kyle, you take the stick this time, I'll just be a passenger."

He forced his mind to clarity. No excitement, go slow and make no mistakes. All instruments functioning properly . . . altimeter set at zero . . .

fuel shut off valve at full ON position . . . that's all okay . . . now check the traffic pattern and turn into the wind.

"Easy on that throttle, Kyle, don't be too anxious. Open it firmly but slowly—that's the way."

The ground rushed by on both sides, the markers at the end of the runway speeding toward him at an astounding rate. The air speed picked up and Bruce could feel the stick vibrate as the rudder came to life. A slight touch on the elevators brought the tail up—and the wheels were clear! He was flying!

All the training was not this invigorating, however. There were hours of plain hard work and study. And then there were occasions that seemed tragic at the time, though they could be looked back on later with amusement.

The Link Trainer is an invention of the devil. He gave it to the air force to hurry more poor souls to purgatory. This is an opinion held by more than one cadet after wrestling with this particular training device for the first time.

Bruce was worried when he took his maiden "flight" in the Link Trainer, but his worries were soon replaced by a feeling of confidence. He followed the radio guide, logged all the weather reports, did the instrument navigation correctly—he even dealt swiftly and efficiently with a clogged fuel line that the instructor created for his benefit. Bruce even gloated for a moment when the instructor complimented him through the phones.

"You're doing fine Kyle, *very* fine. You've followed your compass heading, allowed for the drift from the cross wind and kept your plane flying level at all times. There is just one *little* thing, though. Would you look at your altimeter? It seems you're flying at two hundred feet—*underground*."

Even this small setback didn't dampen Bruce's enthusiasm. There were more than enough things happening to make him forget it. Like the day when he had just completed a better than usual landing. His instructor, Lieut. Carstairs, climbed out of the rear seat and dropped to the ground.

"Kyle, if that is the best you can do I'm leaving. You can kill yourself, but you're doing it alone. Take the ship up. I'll see if it looks any better from down here." He walked over and leaned on the fence with exaggerated nonchalance, a shadow of a smile in the corner of his mouth.

Solo! His first flight completely alone—Bruce's throat was suddenly dry. He taxied out to the runway, looking around carefully for other planes over the field. He checked all the gauges three times—until it was painfully obvious he could no longer avoid taking off. With microscopic slowness he eased forward on the throttle, and then the plane was hurtling down the field.

When he looked back on it later he had to admit that his feelings of anxiety were baseless. It had been a very routine take off and landing. But the memory of the feeling he had when he leveled off over the field remained with him. Alone in the sky high above the earth—the freedom and the exhilaration! He carried it with him through basic training and on to advanced training at Phoenix, Arizona.

Bruce was a good pilot and his reflexes were fast. He was a natural for jets. He took his advance training in a T-33A, a two-seated version of the Shooting Star. Six months aren't a long time. His first solo was still clear in his memory when he found himself alone in a F-80.

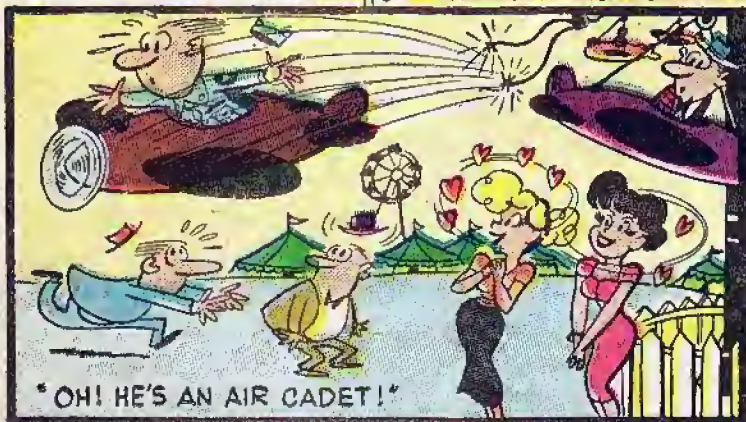
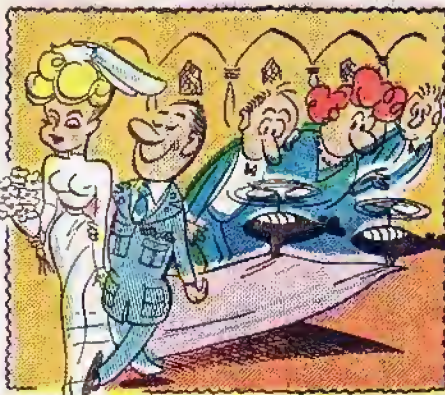
He was the same Bruce Kyle that had stepped out of the train in San Angelo a year before, a little straighter perhaps, with a more intense look about his eyes. But inside he was no longer the green kid fresh out of college. He knew he was a pilot. The silver wings and gold bars just told other people about it.

These were the same wings that Eddie Rickenbacker and Frank Luke had worn. Colin Kelly and Meyer Levin wore them when they went into their last dive, plus a host of other fliers both remembered and forgotten. He was flying with a great company—the United States Air Force—he knew now that a schoolboy's dream had been right.

THE END

FLIGHTS OF FANCY

VIC MARTIN



"OH! HE'S AN AIR CADET!"



"GOOD WORK, KELLY! THAT WAS A PERFECT JUMP!"

BOY MARVEL OF THE WILD WEST!



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Blazing Justice! — Gunsmoke and Glory!

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Issue
No. 10

DON'T MISS IT!

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FLYBOY

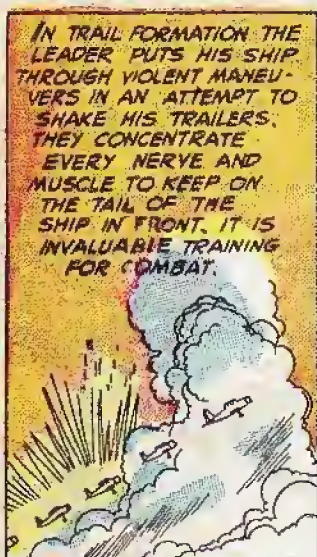
in **Heroes Never Die**

THE SUPREME SACRIFICE OF A BRAVE YOUNGSTER AND THE DRAMATIC EXAMPLE OF A COMBAT-HARDENED VETERAN PROVE TO LARRY JETT AND HIS PAL, HAPPY HOLIDAY--AND TO ALL THE WORLD THAT --
HEROES NEVER DIE!

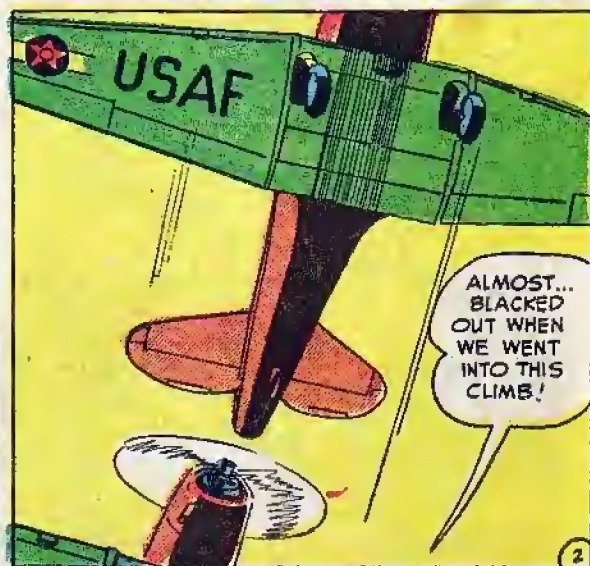
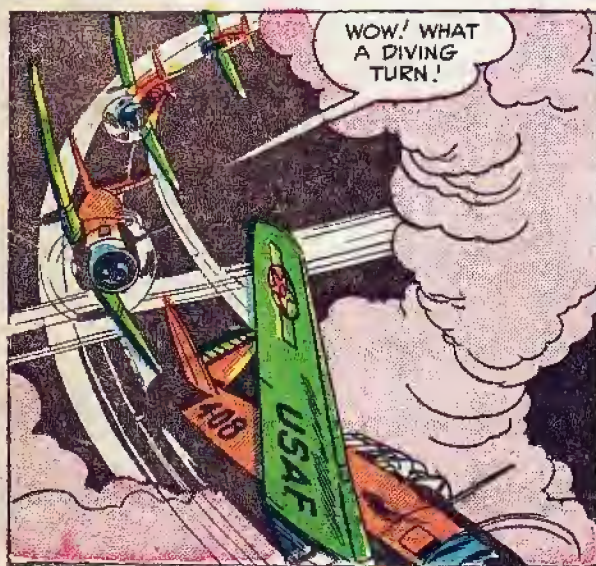
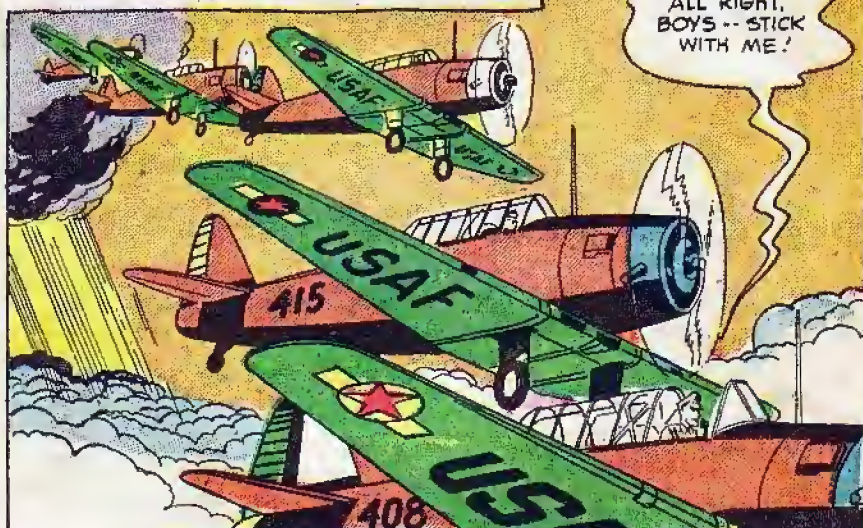


©ONE MORNING AS LARRY JETT ARRIVES AT THE FLIGHT LINE READY-ROOM--

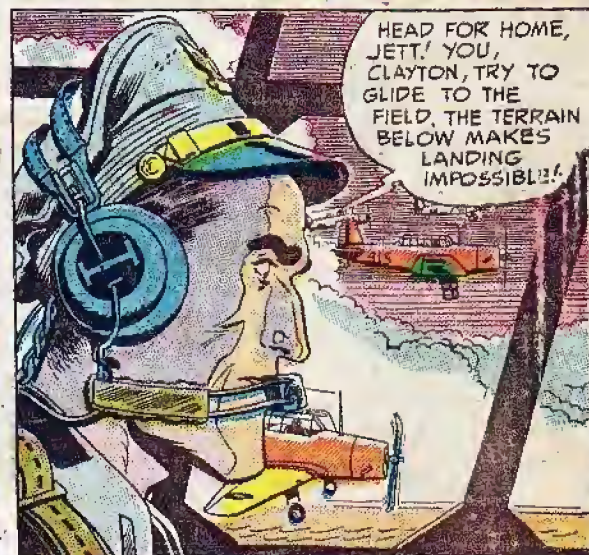
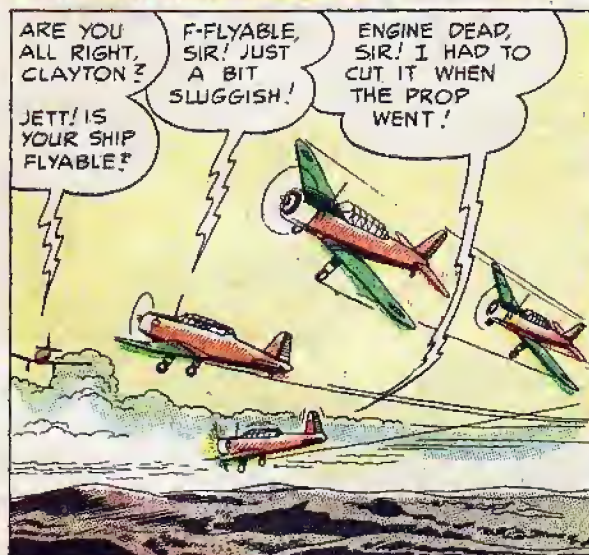
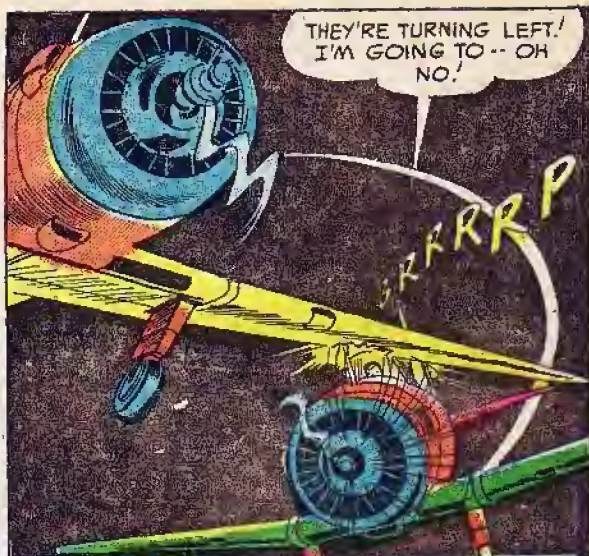
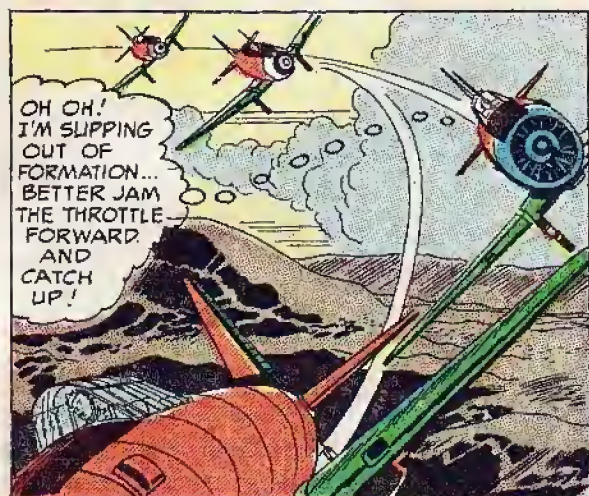




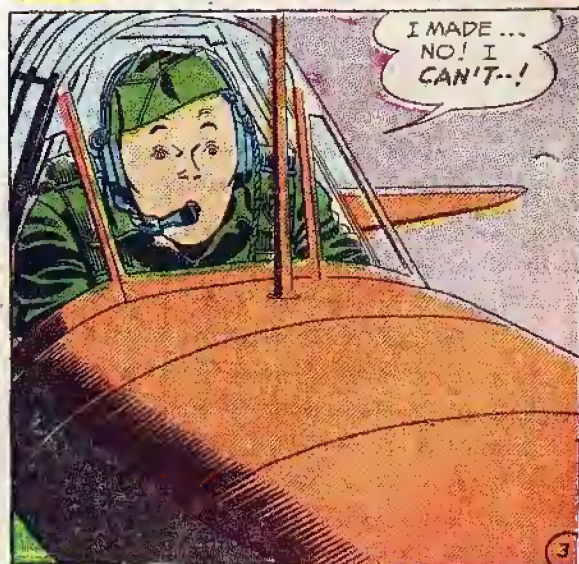
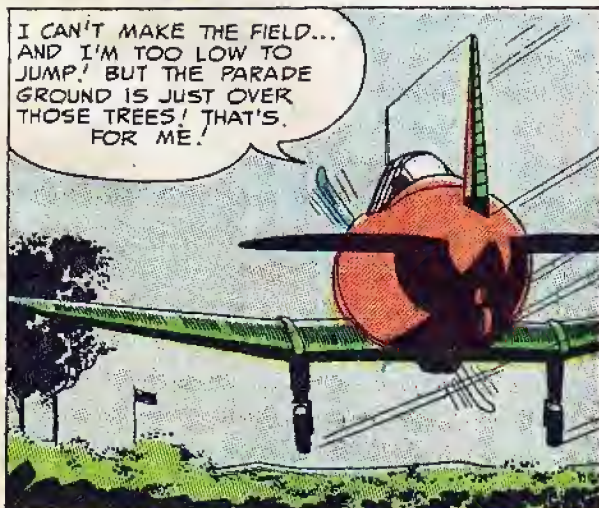
MOMENTS LATER, HIGH AMONG THE CLOUDS...

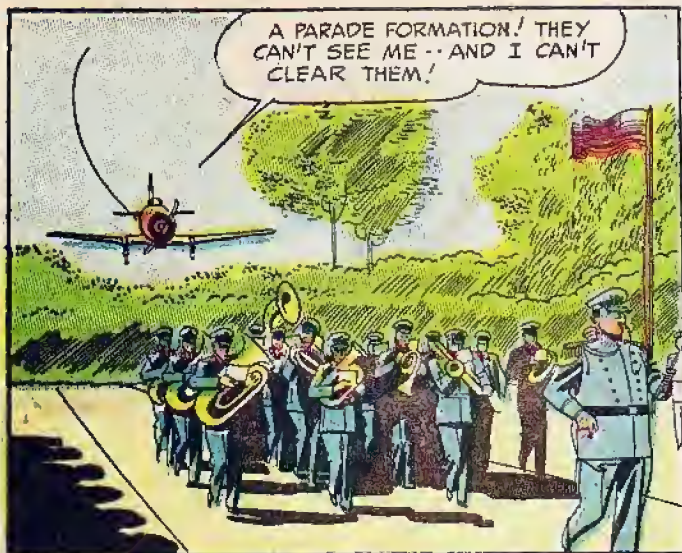


BUT SUDDENLY BUCK CLAYTON, BEHIND LARRY, OVERSHOOTS A TIGHT TURN...



MINUTES LATER, AS BUCK'S CRIPPLED PLANE NEARS THE GROUND...

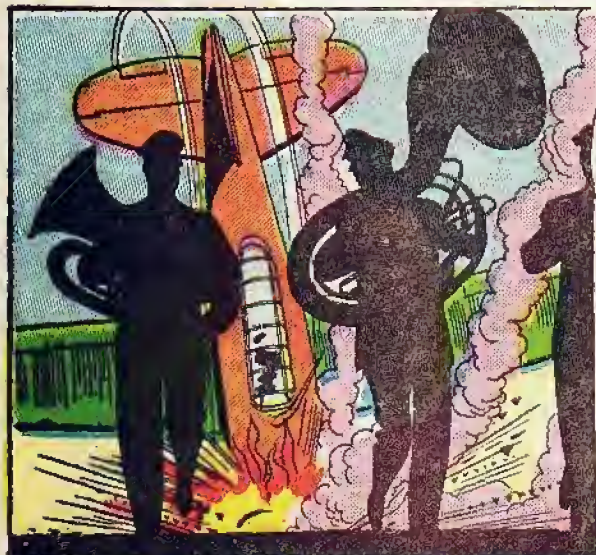




A PARADE FORMATION! THEY CAN'T SEE ME -- AND I CAN'T CLEAR THEM!



IT'S ME OR THEM! THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY!

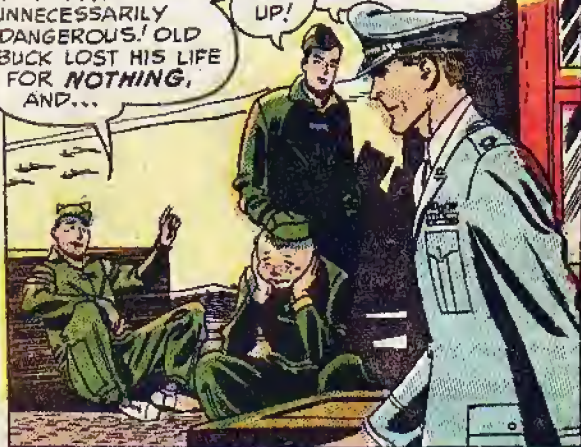


BUCK CLAYTON'S DEATH BRINGS GLOOM TO THE CADETS. NEXT MORNING, MORALE IS DANGEROUSLY LOW...

IT PROVES TRAIL FLYING IS UNNECESSARILY DANGEROUS! OLD BUCK LOST HIS LIFE FOR NOTHING, AND...

OH, SHUT UP!

I BEG YOUR PARDON, GENTLEMEN!



YOUR FRIEND DID **NOT** DIE FOR NOTHING. HE DIED SAVING THE LIVES OF OTHER CADETS! AND HE DIED LEARNING THINGS THAT MIGHT HAVE SAVED HIS LIFE IN COMBAT, AND PERHAPS YOUR LIVES AND THOSE OF OTHERS LIKE YOU!



BUT WORDS WON'T PROVE IT. WILL ONE OF YOU VOLUNTEER TO TRY A LITTLE DOGFIGHT WITH ME?

I WILL, SIR!

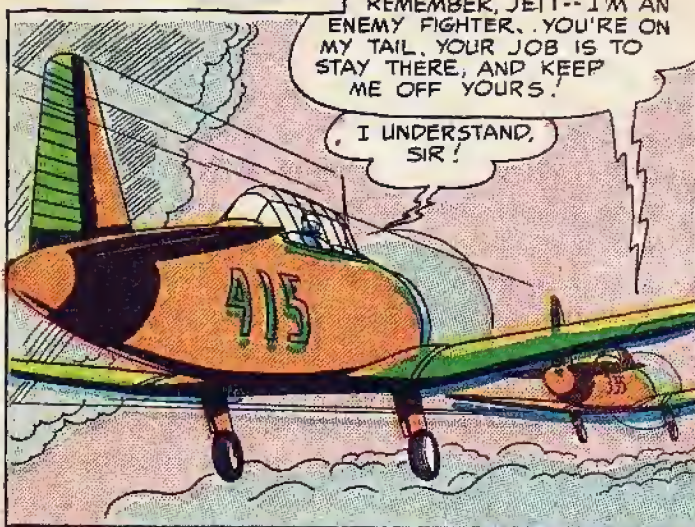


DO YOU MIND, LIEUTENANT?

NOT AT ALL, MAJOR. THE BOYS NEED SOMETHING TO BREAK THEIR MOOD. GO AHEAD, JETT!



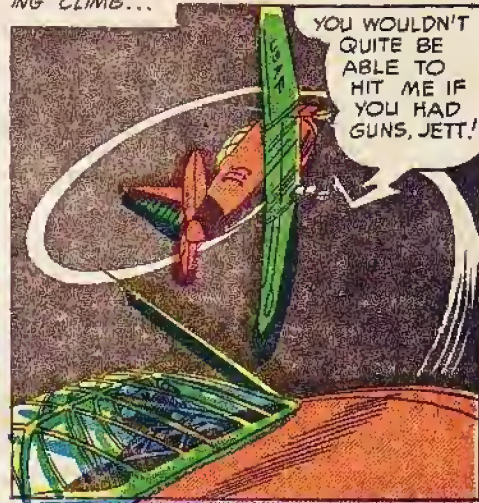
AND SO, MINUTES LATER...



REMEMBER, JETT--I'M AN ENEMY FIGHTER. YOU'RE ON MY TAIL. YOUR JOB IS TO STAY THERE, AND KEEP ME OFF YOURS!

I UNDERSTAND, SIR!

THE MOCK BATTLE BEGINS! THE MAJOR GOES INTO AN ENGINE-STRAINING, CIRCLING CLIMB...

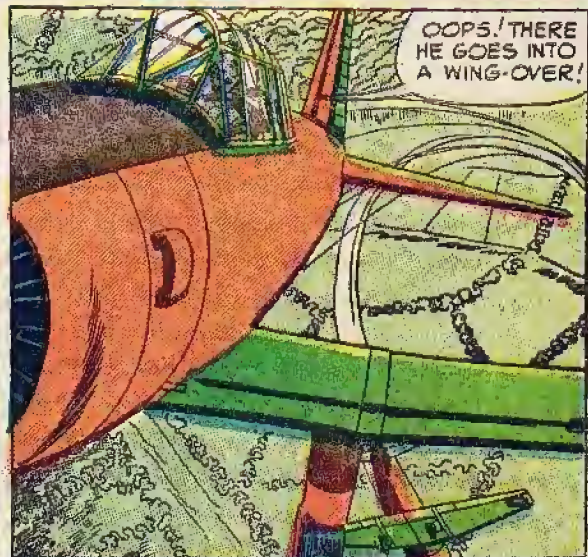


YOU WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO HIT ME IF YOU HAD GUNS, JETT!

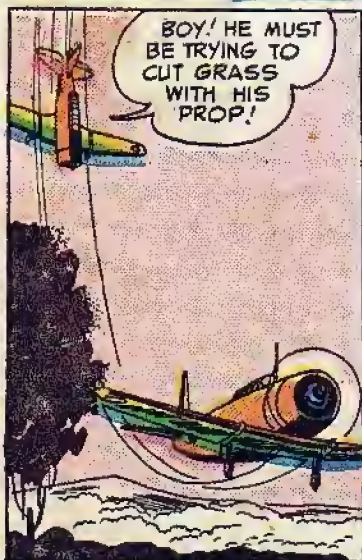


--THIS TURN KEEPS ME INSIDE OF YOURS!

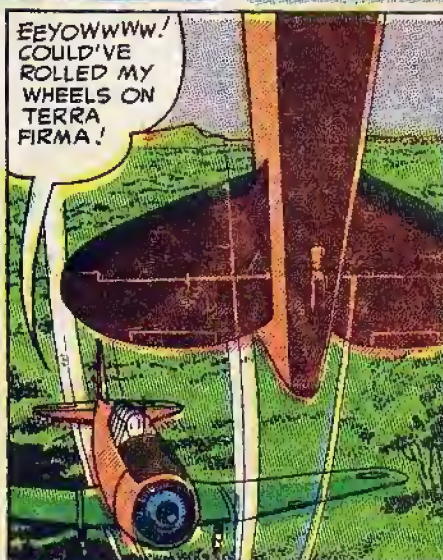
WHEWW! I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN!



OOOPS! THERE HE GOES INTO A WING-OVER!

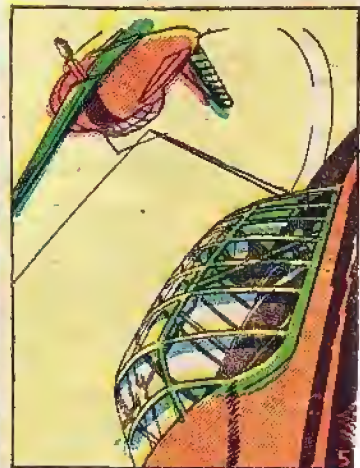


BOY! HE MUST BE TRYING TO CUT GRASS WITH HIS PROP!

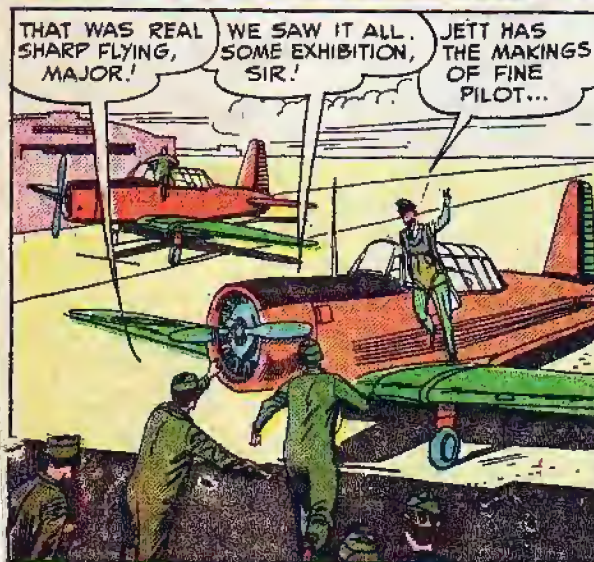
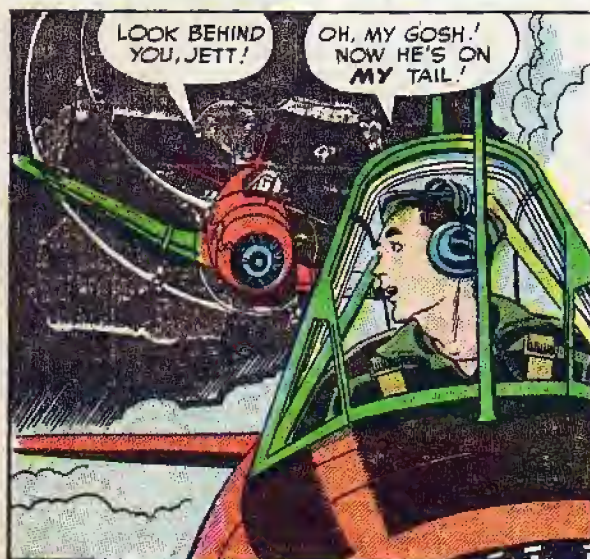
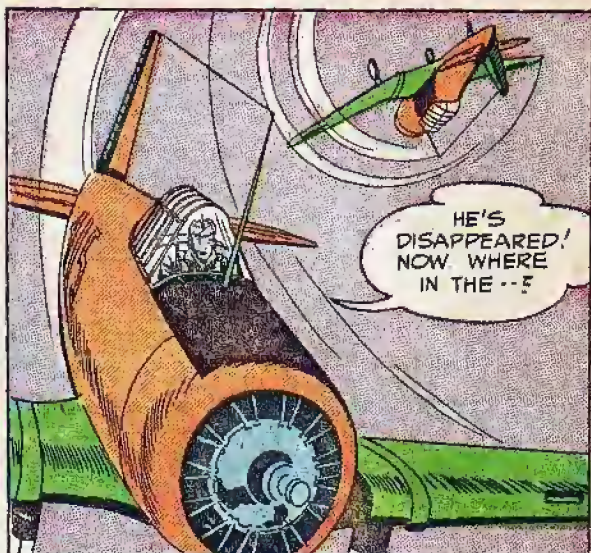
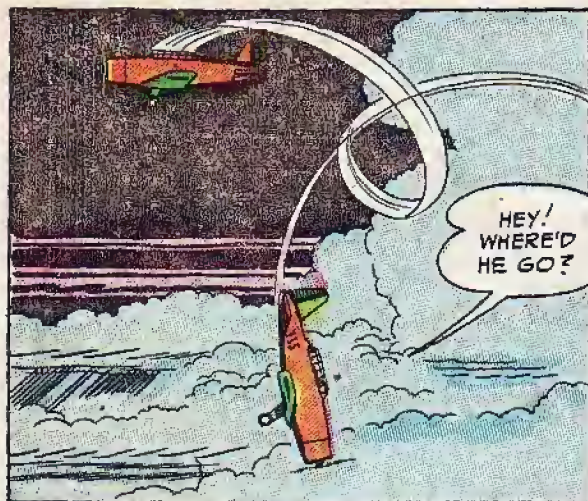


EYOWWWW! COULD'VE ROLLED MY WHEELS ON TERRA FIRMA!

THE MAJOR'S SHIP CLAWS FOR ALTITUDE, AND GOES INTO WHAT LOOKS LIKE A LOOP. LARRY FOLLOWS...



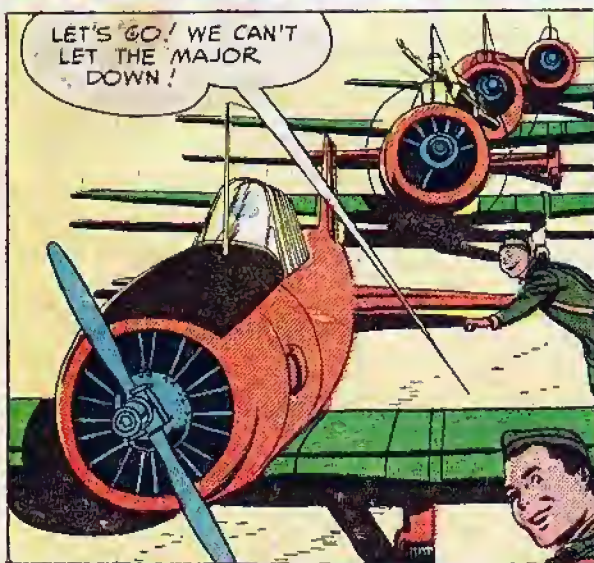
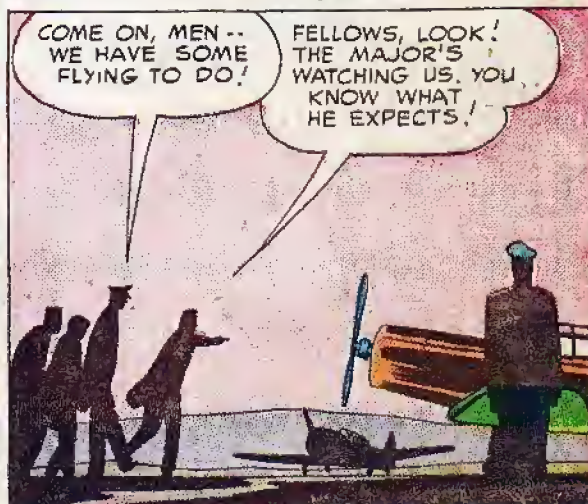
BUT THE MAJOR'S LOOP TURNS INTO A NEAT
IMMELMAN — AND LARRY IS LOST!



THAT AFTERNOON, THE CADETS GATHER TO SEE BUCK CLAYTON OFF ON HIS LAST JOURNEY HOME, AND AS THE NOTES OF TAPS FADE AWAY...



LATER, AT THE FLIGHT LINE, THE CADETS WALK GLUMLY TO THEIR SHIPS, THEN...



The WEATHER STATION

MARK TWAIN ONCE SAID "EVERYBODY TALKS ABOUT THE WEATHER, BUT NOBODY DOES ANYTHING ABOUT IT." THIS IS THE STORY OF METEOROLOGY, THE SCIENCE OF "DOING SOMETHING ABOUT THE WEATHER." IT IS ONE OF THE LEAST HERALDED, BUT MOST IMPORTANT PHASES OF AVIATION.

THE PILOT BALLOON

IT RISES UNTIL THE PRESSURE OF THE HYDROGEN ON THE INSIDE IS EQUAL TO THE AIR PRESSURE ON THE OUTSIDE. THEN IT EXPLODES AND FALLS TO EARTH.



FIELD CONDITION FLAG

INDICATES FLYING CONDITIONS FOR FIELD. WHITE FLAG MEANS FIELD IS "OPEN".

ANEMOMETER

RECORDS WIND VELOCITY

WIND VEIN

INDICATES WIND DIRECTION

STANDARD EIGHT INCH RAIN GAUGE
MEASURES THE AMOUNT OF RAINFALL.

THIS OBSERVER IS FOLLOWING THE BALLOON IN THE THEODOLITE TO COMPUTE THE WIND DIRECTION AND VELOCITY AT VARIOUS LEVELS.

THEODOLITE
USED TO FOLLOW THE PILOT BALLOON IN ITS ASCENT.

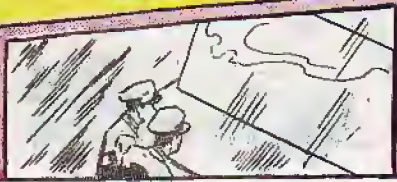
WEATHER OFFICE
HERE, WEATHER REPORTS ARE TRANSMITTED AND RECEIVED, MAPS DRAWN, AND FORECASTS MADE.

VISIBILITY MARKERS
(ONE MILE AND THREE MILE)
THESE ARE USED TO ESTIMATE VISIBILITY.

A WEATHER OBSERVER IS SPINNING THE WET BULB THERMOMETER TO FIND THE RATE OF EVAPORATION.

INSTRUMENT SHELTER
CONTAINS A STANDARD THERMOMETER, BAROGRAPH, HYDROGRAPH AND THERMOGRAPH FOR RECORDING PRESSURE, HUMIDITY AND TEMPERATURE CHANGES, RESPECTIVELY, AND A WET AND DRY BULB THERMOMETER FOR CALCULATING DEW-POINT AND RELATIVE HUMIDITY.

CITY AIRPORT



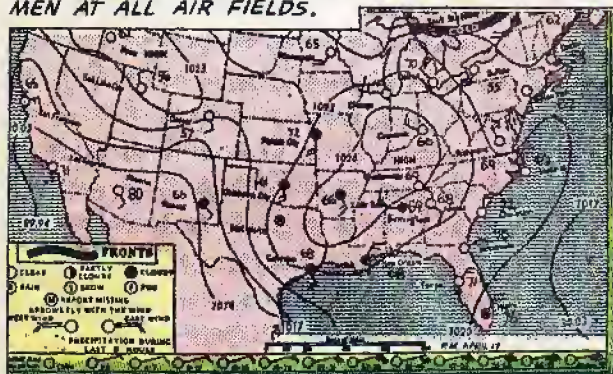
THE FIRST METEOROLOGIST ON RECORD WAS ARISTOTLE, A GREEK PHILOSOPHER OF THE 4TH CENTURY, B.C., WHOSE "METEOROLOGICA" WAS THE ACCEPTED TEXT BOOK ON WEATHER FOR OVER 2000 YEARS.



GALILEO, WITH HIS INVENTION OF THE AIR THERMOMETER, OR THERMOSCOPE, AS HE CALLED IT, CAN BE SAID TO BE THE FIRST "MODERN" METEOROLOGIST.



SINCE GALILEO'S TIME, RAPID PROGRESS HAS BEEN MADE AND METEOROLOGY HAS BECOME AN INTRICATE SCIENCE, INVOLVING MILLIONS OF DOLLARS AND MANY SCIENTIFICALLY-TRAINED PEOPLE. BELOW IS A TYPICAL WEATHER MAP, ONLY ONE OF MANY CHARTS USED BY WEATHER MEN AT ALL AIR FIELDS.



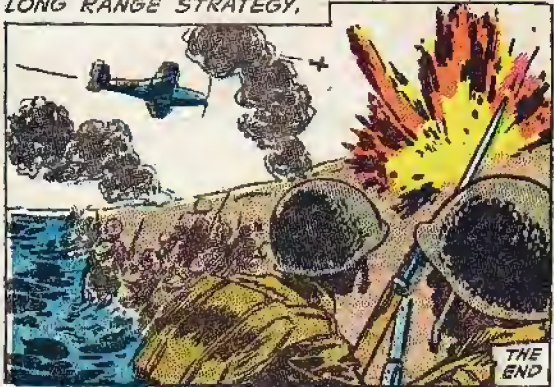
EVERY PILOT, BEFORE TAKING OFF, IS THOROUGHLY BRIEFED ON THE WEATHER CONDITIONS HE WILL MEET, EITHER ORALLY, FOR SHORT MISSIONS, OR IN LONG WRITTEN REPORTS FOR EXTENDED FLIGHTS.



HERE, A PILOT IS SKIRTING A THUNDERSTORM, ONE OF THE MOST DANGEROUS OF ALL WEATHER HAZARDS. IT CONTAINS VIOLENT UPDRAFTS, DRIVING HAIL, HIGH WINDS, AND PRACTICALLY ZERO VISIBILITY.



IN MODERN WARFARE, THE METEOROLOGIST IS ESPECIALLY VALUABLE. IN A LANDING OPERATION, SUCH AS THE ONE ON D-DAY IN EUROPE, HE NOT ONLY FORECASTS THE WEATHER, HE ALSO COMPILES BALLISTIC DATA FOR NAVAL GUNS AND ARTILLERY, COMPUTES TIDE TABLES, AND HELPS PLAN LONG RANGE STRATEGY.



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2 Marble Ave., Pleasantville, N. Y.

Send me, on your guaranteed offer, _____

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Payment enclosed.

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Gold-like metal, same size and shape as police badge. Wear it on cap, coat lapel or shirt. Flash it on the gang. Sent absolutely FREE when you order cap.

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GUARANTEE: If you are not 100% pleased, return merchandise and your money will be refunded, without question, at once.
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ELECTRONIC WALKIE TALKIES

ELECTRO-MAGNETIC CHASSIS,
U. S. GOVERNMENT PATENT NO. 2,536,179



TWO-WAY WALKIE TALKIES



TWO-WAY COMMUNICATIONS: Set consists of TWO (2) "Transceivers" ready to hook up between any two points. No license needed! Powered by new patented Remco electro-magnetic chassis. Practical, foolproof operation is guaranteed.

BROADCAST OVER HOME RADIO: Either or both of your Walkie Talkies can be hooked up so you can talk into them and hear your voice come out of the radio speaker. "Broadcast" from another room or another part of the house. Mystify your friends—plan your own radio programs and announcements.



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The REMCO plug-in crystal adapter and special aerial attachment will permit reception on broadcast frequencies. Adapter, aerial attachment only \$1.98 (Optional). Sets are ruggedly constructed of high quality injection molded plastic; engineered for utility and extra long service. This is not a kit but a factory tested and guaranteed communication system. Guaranteed — or your money refunded in full.

Certificate of Guarantee
If either of your Walkie Talkie Sets should stop operating for any reason, our factory engineers will repair and return it to you at absolutely no cost.

TWO-WAY WALKIE TALKIES only
\$3.49 postpaid
3 sets complete

100% SATISFACTION GUARANTEED! We will refund your money in full within five days if these Walkie Talkies fail to do the amazing things stated in this ad.

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- ☐ Send 2 Walkie Talkie units _____ Price \$3.49
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- ☐ Full payment enclosed. Rush order postpaid
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Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

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needs no screen
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HURRY MAIL TODAY

You Can WIN

This 15" tall
SILVER TROPHY
JUST AS I DID IN
10 MINUTES
OF FUN
A DAY!

**I GAINED
53 LBS. OF SHAPELY
POWER-PACKED
MUSCLES!**

Which of these

**2 ME'S
is YOU?**

THAT 112 LB.-6 FT.

SPINDLE-**SISSY** below
ARMED **WAS ME**
A FEW SHORT WEEKS AGO

NO! friend you
don't have to be
SKINNY any more
just mail **NOW**
the **FREE**
coupon below
as I did. Soon
YOU can add

6½ inches to your **CHEST**
3 inches to each **ARM**
and the rest
in proportion
just as I did.

**Come on, PAL, NOW
YOU GIVE ME**

**10 PLEASANT MINUTES A
DAY IN YOUR HOME... AND I'LL GIVE
YOU a NEW HE-MAN BODY
For Your OLD SKELETON FRAME.**

says *George F. Jowett* World's Greatest
Builder of HE-MEN

NO! don't care how skinny or flabby you are; if you're
a teen-ager, in your 20's or 30's or over; if you're
short or tall, or what work you do. All I want is **JUST**
10 EXCITING MINUTES in your home to **MAKE YOU OVER**
by the SAME METHOD I turned myself from a wreck
to a Champion of Champions.

THIS MAY BE
YOUR LAST
CHANCE
TO GET FOR
ALL 5 **10¢**
PICTURE
PACKET COURSES
MILLIONS HAVE
BEEN SOLD FOR
\$1 AND MORE

How to Build
**MIGHTY
ARMS**
How to Build
**A MIGHTY
BACK**
How to Build
**A MIGHTY
CHEST**
How to Build
**MIGHTY
LEGS**
How to Build
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NOW
to Achieve
Nerves of Steel,
Muscles of Iron
FREE
How to **BECOME A
MIGHTY HE-MAN**

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F. JOWETT**
"Champion of
Champions"
4 times Winner
Perfect
Man Contest



When I enrolled I was
a skinny, sick weak-
ling. As you can see
in my "Before" Photo I
looked like a child...
years younger than my
age. I was ashamed to
take a picture in bat-
hing trunks as I do now.
I was my wife's girlie
because I had nothing
to show off. A few
weeks after starting
the Jowett Course my
body was the best in
the neighborhood. Now
I get respect and ad-
miration from every
fellow and girl I meet.

Roger Hirsch
NEW YORK

There's that
skinny scarecrow
ROGER. Let's
pass him by!



ROGER HIRSCH
was a 112 lb., 6 ft. WEAKLING.
Look at him **NOW**--
A MOVIE-STAR HE-MAN
from Head to Toe
as **YOU**
can be
soon!

BOTH FREE FOR QUICK ACTION!

1. Photo Book of **STRONG MEN**
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Dear George: Please mail to me FREE Jowett's Photo Book of
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Courses: 1. How to Build a Mighty Chest. 2. How to Build a
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Volume "How to Become a Mighty HE-MAN." ENCLOSED FIND 10¢
FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING (no C.O.D.'s).

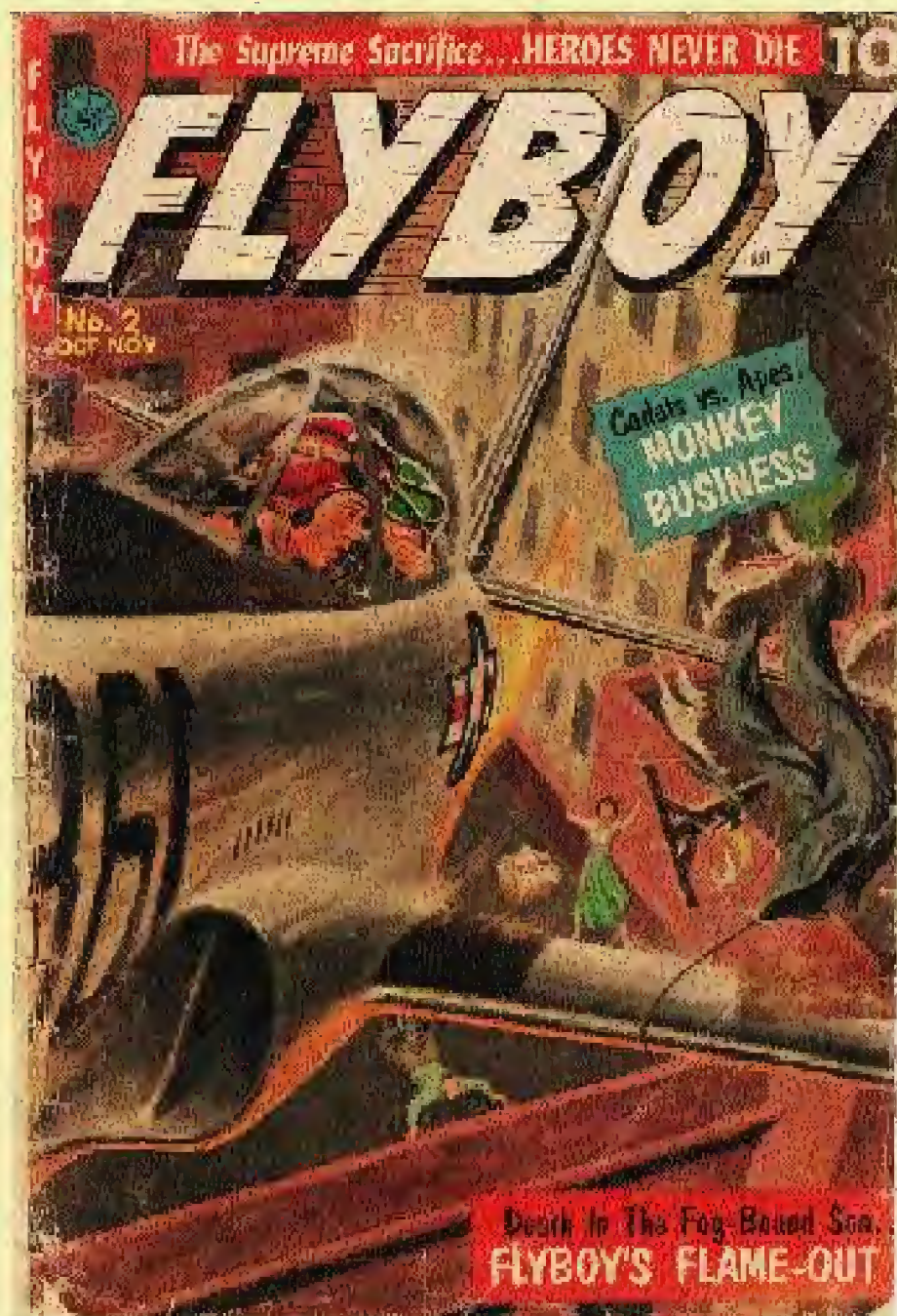
NAME _____ AGE _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

YES! You'll see INCH upon INCH of **MIGHTY MUSCLE** added to
YOUR ARMS. Your CHEST deepened. Your BACK AND
SHOULDERS broadened. From head to heels, you'll gain **SOLIDITY**,
SIZE, **POWER**, **SPEED!** You'll become an **ALL-Around, ALL-American**
HE-MAN, A WINNER in everything you tackle--or my Training won't
cost you one solitary cent.

**Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES
Gain Pounds, INCHES, FAST!**

Friend, I've traveled the world. Made a **LIFETIME STUDY** of every way
known to develop your body. Then I devised the **BEST** by **TEST**, my
"**5-WAY PROGRESSIVE POWER**" the only method that builds you 5-ways
fast. You save **YEARS, DOLLARS** like movie star Tom Tyler did. Like
champ Roger Hirsch did. Like **MANY THOUSANDS** like you did. **SO Mail**
coupon **NOW!**

MAIL COUPON IN TIME FOR FREE OFFER!



Flyboy # 2 (1952)

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cover from the original
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